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EIGHTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - - EDITOR

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DISTORTING TAXATION FIGURES

WHY several of the daily papers should deliberately seek to deceive the taxpayers by printing misleading statements regarding the new tax rate, the assessed valuation of property, and the effect of constitutional amendment No. 1 on local taxes is inexplicable, since time is certain to disprove their position and brand them as foolishly culpable. In a flaring headline the Herald of Wednesday says, "Los Angeles to Lose Taxes on Sixty Millions." This, doubtless, is true, but only half a truth. To be fair to the people, the headlines over the article should have added, "but will save the state tax on the total assessed valuation." As we have previously shown, the loss on sixty millions at 90 cents—the new levy to meet current expenses—is \$540,000, but, figuring the state tax at 40 cents on 330 millions would effect a saving of \$1,420,000, or a net gain to the city taxpayers of \$880,000. On this vital point the Herald, the Express and the Tribune are silent. It is both unfair and picayunish, but seems to be thought necessary because these several papers opposed the ratification of the amendment.

But the Herald is guilty of still further malversation of facts. Editorially, it says: "The taxpayers will be called upon to pay a higher tax rate than last year and to accept a horizontal increase in valuation as well, the two combined increasing taxes about 14 cents on the hundred. This was occasioned by withdrawal of a large proportion of taxable property under the constitutional amendment which takes the burden of state taxation from the individual and puts it on corporations." This is not a frank statement. The higher tax rate is caused by the increased expenditures, with which the amendment has no concern. In the same issue of the Herald containing these garbled figures, appears the bud-

get adopted by the council, showing that the increased demands over the budget of last year amount to \$314,585. To meet this expense a raise in the tax rate was obligatory. It is rank nonsense to charge to amendment No. 1 this higher taxation.

Moreover, why hide the fact that the tax levy is 90 cents, plus 58 or 60 cents more, for interest charges and sinking fund, making the full rate probably \$1.50 in the \$100. It will be much higher before the land speculators in the San Fernando valley receive their Owens river water supply, enabling them to realize on their holdings at a gigantic profit, the price of their support of the aqueduct project. As for Los Angeles, we may need the water 25 years hence, possibly.

ETHICS OF WIRELESS TAPPING

READING carefully the arguments offered by the Tribune and its evening contemporary, the Express, in defense of the former's action in disclosing a commercial wireless message, for which the grand jury has indicted the publisher, the palliative excuse is that the end justified the means. Virtually, this is the contention: The public was eager to know the truth regarding the real ownership of the Herald, and the message caught by three amateur wireless telegraphers, later appearing in the Tribune, was calculated to set at rest all doubt on the subject.

Without presuming to pass on the legal question as to whether Publisher Earl violated the state code interdicting the act of which he is charged, and does not deny, let us examine his attempted justification. The message was from the managing editor of the Herald to the general manager of the paper, then at Avalon, thirty miles from the mainland, a wireless message being the only quick means of communication. Its purport was that the general (meaning Harrison Gray Otis) had suggested the reprinting in the Herald of a certain article in the Examiner that scored Earl, and the acquiescence of the responsible head of the Herald was sought. Clearly, there is nothing in this that fixes responsible ownership upon the general, since a "suggestion" is not a command. In fact, it proves nothing. The public has had far stronger evidence than this of the general's ownership, and is persuaded that the chief owner of the Times is the controlling owner of the Herald. That information was first given to the public by the Express, six years ago, when the present editor of The Graphic was conducting the evening paper then, as now, controlled by Mr. Earl. We have, at divers times reverted to this fact, and always with additional proof, if such were needed.

As a clincher, then, the message was a failure, hence the argument advanced as a governing motive for its publication is not convincing. The real question is, Did Mr. Earl violate the code? His contention is that the ether belongs to no man and that after a message is projected into the atmosphere it is anybody's who may choose to intercept it. Possibly, this is true. Yet the code does not so indicate. Whether the message is sent by wireless, by wire, or by telephone is not specified. The wording of section 619 is, "Every person who wilfully discloses the contents of a telegraphic or telephone message, etc., is punishable by imprisonment in state prison not exceeding five years, or in the county jail not exceeding one year, or by fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, or by both fine and imprisonment."

We have no desire to see Mr. Earl wearing stripes for his mistake, for we do not doubt he believed he had a moral right, if not a legal one, to fight back with the weapon offered him, in the bitter newspaper quarrel his own folly precipitated. But see where such attitude would land him. If he had a right to print this intercepted message, then every other wireless communica-

tion of a private nature, would be subject to similar interference and might, with entire immunity to the publisher, be given newspaper notoriety. Such logic is preposterous. Simply because the original projectors of the wireless enterprise proved to be stockjobbing scamps does not warrant the ignoring of all ethical considerations in connection with their business, as Mr. Earl seems to argue. Besides, it is not they, but the patrons of the wireless medium who are the victims.

Ethically, Mr. Earl has committed a serious blunder, which calls for rectification. This is necessary in order to protect the public in its transmission of messages entrusted to wireless telegraphy. We fail to see any vital difference in the picking of a message from an air current or from a wire current, if the contents are to be made public by the purloiner. While the discloser of the private communication may escape punishment by reason of the failure in the code to insert the term "wireless," this technical loophole does not admit the egress of the publisher with a whole skin. His breach of ethics is not merely against the newspaper crowd he is fighting—a murrain seize them all—but is in contravention of a principle which a court of record must maintain if the public is to be protected.

EXIT GATES, THE PLUNGER

ONE of the most picturesque characters known to the speculative world died in Paris this week, after a brave fight for life, in the person of John W. Gates, the well-known plunger, whose "bet-you-a-million" slogan seems to have been peculiarly characteristic of the man himself. He was pre-eminently a gambler, not one of your petty, short-card artists, faro devotees or race-track followers, but of the colossal, titanic breed who dealt in millions of bushels of grain, selling what he never possessed, buying what he never acquired, a bull or a bear by turns in the "industrials," occasionally taking over the control of a railroad, as in the Louisville & Nashville case, to effect a coup.

His chief bid for stable fame came through his organization into one huge concern of the various barb-wire factories in the country, which, later passed to the Federal Steel Company, now a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation. But Gates was essentially a free lance, a speculator, and plunging in a big way was as the breath of life to his nostrils. Countless stories of his gambling propensities have been printed and their narration, it must be admitted, has not had a wholesome effect on the youth of the country. In truth, a review of John W. Gates' life commands little of respect from those who are looking for examples worthy of emulation.

It is estimated that this Gargantuan gambler leaves an estate valued at upward of thirty million dollars. How did he get it? Not by the most admirable means, not by reason of a great invention, of applied industry, of great creative genius. Has he enriched the world in anywise in the course of his spectacular career? If so, the history of his life as we know it, belies his character. To the contrary, he has not hesitated to corner the food products of the country whenever he saw opportunity to wrest millions by forcing prices beyond their legitimate mark, and in the pursuit of wealth, which to him was a mania, he did not hesitate to undermine values in his bear operations, leaving a trail of desolation in his course.

As a rule we approve the good old motto, "de mortuis nil nisi bonum," but in considering the living acts of this man we should be doing a worse evil to remain silent in the face of his unprofitable career. Contrast the life work of that eminent, if transplanted American, Edwin Austin Abbey, whose passing preceded that of John W. Gates by a few days, and say whose memory will last the longer. What are the

Gates' millions in comparison with the glorious works of art, the creative genius of the man whom two continents vie in honoring? Rather would we have written one poem that shall linger in the hearts of our countrymen, years after our mortal frame has returned to dust, than to have left the millions of which John W. Gates died possessed.

STATEHOOD AND THE RECALL

SINCE the joint statehood bill, admitting New Mexico and Arizona, has been passed by congress, President Taft, to be consistent, can hardly do otherwise than veto the enabling act as to Arizona, because of the provision for the recall of the judiciary. As the two territories are coupled in the bill, the presidential disapproval will result in the rejection of both aspirants to statehood, at this special session, unless congress overrides the presidential veto, as intimated is likely to be the case.

There seems to be little question that the house can muster enough votes to render Mr. Taft's dissent inoperative; there is uncertainty regarding the senate, but with the vote in favor standing 56 to 18, the probability of similar action in the upper house is indicated. This possible action is predicated on the sentiment rife in both houses that the people of the two territories should be allowed to make their own constitutions, and while there are clauses in each that are distasteful to individual members of congress voting in the affirmative, they believe they have no moral right to interpose their personal objections to the defeat of statehood.

Mr. Taft, however, has, from the outset, deprecated the extension of the recall to the judiciary and has not hesitated, on various occasions, to state his reasons therefor. So far as the principle goes we think he is right, but we believe the people of Arizona are the ones to settle that question, not the President. The inefficacy of his interdiction is apparent when it is noted that, even if the obnoxious clause were withdrawn and the enabling act signed by the executive, it would be a simple matter for the new state to amend its constitution to conform to the wishes of the majority. The President, then, should evince his discordance by letting the bill become operative without his signature, since he has made it a matter of principle.

Many thinking people in California, before whom a similar question is up for discussion, are heartily in accord with President Taft's views on this grave matter affecting the judiciary. The Graphic has contended that instead of taking the state bench out of politics, the ratification of the proposed amendment will have the opposite effect. The tendency of the judiciary to interpret the law in a manner pleasing to the majority, instead of basing its decisions on justice and equity, particularly on constitutional questions stirring the people, will be greatly augmented. The judge, with his ear to the ground—and we have several such among our local judiciary—will be developed tenfold after Oct. 10, if the amendment is ratified. Firmly as we believe in the principle of the recall, the referendum and the initiative, on all questions affecting the welfare of the state, in respect to the recall of the judiciary we believe its application will prove detrimental to the best interests of the commonwealth, hence we urge defeat of the amendment.

PAP FOR IMMATURE MINDS

THIS touching anxiety of the Massachusetts, Wisconsin and Los Angeles anti-suffragists that the women of California shall not impair their moral power by contact with men in political movements, elections and assemblies, has impelled the San Francisco Star to make the pertinent inquiry, "Who is footing the bills for the dissemination of so much printed literature with which newspaper offices are being bombarded these days?" The Star hazards the opinion that an "association" interested in defeating Amendment No. 8 is furnishing the sinews of war to the antis.

This is a shrewd guess and one that has occurred to The Graphic, when contemplating the mass of material thrust upon this office of late. But, really, the "arguments" are so antiquated and childish they are hardly worth considering, except as proof in a contrary direction to that

intended. We have been reading these same illuminating "pause and consider" warnings for many years without ever experiencing other than a good-natured feeling of pity for the utterers, who, good souls, probably believe in what they say on the theory that the damned iteration finally carries conviction to the one guilty of the repetition.

Think of the puerile stuff sent out by the Massachusetts Association Opposed to the Further Extension of Suffrage to Women, to which the Star calls attention, embracing an extract from a speech by a Wisconsin assemblyman, to-wit:

I consider the agitation for woman suffrage an attempt to revolt against nature. Nature has given to either sex its peculiar work:—woman's sphere is the home; man's sphere the world outside the home.

Woman's sphere is the home and all that pertains to it. Her interests no longer are confined within the four walls of the house in which she rears her children. The day they are old enough to enter the schoolroom her sphere expands and it is her province to become interested in every branch of a paternalistic government, whose far-reaching activities extend to the home and beyond its portals. 'What claptrap to God-bless-the-dear-women-give-her-everything-she-wants, while denying her political rights, on the assumption that it will impair her moral power forsooth. That may be good pap for immature minds, but not for the intellectual woman product of the twentieth century, whose destiny is to complement man's efforts at self-governing if she is given a fair chance. In that event man and the nation will be largely the gainer.

PESSIMISTIC EMMA BROWN

OUR sympathies are with "Miss Emma Brown" of Chicago, who says that because she is 30 years old she is unable to get steady employment as a typewriter. But, sakes alive! Emma, why stay in Chicago? You have several decades of usefulness in your chosen field of endeavor anywhere else. Why, at 30, a woman is just beginning to gain poise, to forget the frivol of life and settle down in earnest to the real mission of living. What is it the poet says:

There is no bound to woman's nimble wit.
Except as she herself may limit it;
Nor to the empire over which she sways,
For all must yield to woman's luring ways.
In youth, for older minds and for old age,
She wields the scepter at whatever stage;
And though at twenty, regal she is classed,
Her golden crown is won when thirty's past.

Attractive as youth and beauty are, how much wider is a woman's influence after her mind has caught up with her beauty, and character is reflected from her serener, if less blooming face. Thirty! To the callow youth, still in his teens, that may seem old, but to the average employer, who is looking for sterling qualities rather than frivolities, it is a synonym for common sense, for good work, for trustworthiness. Pish, tush, Emma! Of what stuff is the normal Chicagoan made that you should despond at your age? With thirty comes discretion and that is a wonderfully fine quality in man or woman.

We might admit—since man is an impressionable creature—that a woman of thirty, with plain features, sour visage and angular figure, would find it harder to get a situation as stenographer than her more happily endowed sister, but that would be equally true of the unattractive young woman of twenty, more's the pity. There are many wise men, however, having due regard for their souls, and for their too captious spouses, who will reject the comelier lass for the plainer one, as the recipient of their typewriter confidences. Thus prudence waits upon unkind nature and offers compensations.

Who was it that classed the pretty stenographer with the buccaneer type? No matter. She has been designated—probably by a spiteful old spinster, or possibly, by a skeptical wife—as a sort of modern pirate, whose filibustering is done in the inner office, where she conquers by her propinquity. Rather, we prefer to believe, is it her worth that triumphs, for what says the old Latin phrase "Virtutis fortuna comes"—good fortune is the companion of virtue. Cheer up, Miss Emma Brown! Years of industry are ahead of

you; if not in Chicago, then, at least, elsewhere, in a more salubrious and less giddy-pated environment.

GRAPHITES

What a tempestuous controversy is this over the proposed Astor-Force nuptials, which the Episcopal church condemns in so heated terms! It is a typical midsummer case of rabies, but the madness is not without reason, to perpetrate a paradox. It is an outrage on the decencies that so cold-blooded a debauchee as Col. John Jacob Astor, whose amorous dalliances in this country and abroad have been a stench in the nostrils of all self-respecting men and women, should be continued as a vestryman of Trinity church. Yet such appears to be the fact. If the Episcopal church is willing to stand for the colonel as a trusted official, then it should not hesitate to sanction his marriage with a foolish young woman, whose repentance will be of later record. Truth is, the Episcopal church and other denominational churches have united in the holy bonds of matrimony many a lecherous scalawag as rich and as unscrupulous as Col. Astor. But it so happens that his case is receiving so much unexpected publicity of an unpleasant nature that the church is bound to refuse to solemnize the marriage. If, as a result of the furore, the churches unite in passing an absolute divorce law which will sanction the marriages of only the innocent parties to divorce, perhaps, good will come from the present emotional display. Viewed at this distance, it smacks of pharisaism.

Representative Stephens of the Seventh California district is being criticised because he voted with the Democrats to reduce the wool tariff and is now found pleading for the retention of the duty on lemons, demanded by a number of his constituents. Our sympathies are with Mr. Stephens. He knows that the duties on wool and cotton are exorbitantly high, hence his action in voting for a reduction, but, alas, he is a Republican and that party still adheres to the robbing schedules as a tenet of faith. One day it will let go hard. We would not deny to any item the protection it really needs to enable it to overcome foreign competition; it is for the iniquitous tariffs on trust-made goods that can undersell European articles in their own markets and still make a profit that we decry. This, we take it, is Mr. Stephens' viewpoint, but he has learned that a congressman is not an individual but a spoke in a wheel, to revolve when the leaders do the driving. That sort of system has been a heavy handicap on honest men for years and has been the cunning means of perpetuating the high tariff oligarchy. If the lemon industry really requires the extra 15 per cent duty to give growers a reasonable profit, they should get it; but if the expert tariff commission rules otherwise, off it should go.

San Francisco has developed the champion mean thief of the Pacific Coast. After robbing his employer in Atlanta, Ga., Joe H. Jordan fled to Panama, where he was given service as a government stenographer. Overcome by sickness he wrote a penitent letter to his victimized employer, was forgiven and journeyed on to San Francisco. In the four years of his residence there he has managed to swindle numerous persons, thereby enabling the young man to get married and buy a yacht. Having reached the end of his rope and fearing arrest, July 26 he disappeared from view, the picking up of his yacht with a disabled boom, and the finding of his cap and coat on deck leaving the impression that Jordan had been swept overboard. But his miserable history, meanwhile, has been uncovered, and the evidence is conclusive that Jordan has again absconded. He will not be so readily forgiven this time, if caught, his San Francisco victims promise. His wife joins in the denunciatory outbursts. She, too, has discovered she has been swindled.

Bitter criticism of Supervisor Charlton and his chief assistant forester has been leveled by the San Bernardino papers, notably the Sun and Index, because of the alleged misconception of the extent of the forest fire that was devastating the reserve above Arrowhead, and their consequent inertia, when vigorous steps might have saved thousands of burned acres. These reflections on the supervisor are not concurred in by other papers in the county, although a tendency to scold the chief forester is noticeable. Heretofore, Supervisor Charlton has been generally regarded as an able and alert official, and his friends are loth to reverse this opinion. Until Mr. Charlton's reply to his critics is made public, judgment should be withheld.



Browsers in an old Book Shop

FIRST in the hearts of all bibliomaniacs is the name of Richard de Bury, that choice soul whose illustrious example has been as a light to countless booklovers since his charming *Philobiblon*—his treatise on the love of books—was given to the world in the Latin text from the Cologne press in 1473. It was written, however, 129 years prior to that date, in 1344, and, curiously enough, although it was often reprinted in the 350 years following, it was not translated into English until 1832. This service was rendered by John Bellingham Inglis and the edition was limited to two hundred copies. Two other translations have since been made, but it is believed that barely twelve hundred copies have found their way to the hands of English readers. My copy, which the Old Book Shop yielded this week, is a reprint of the original Inglis translation and bears an introduction by the erudite Charles Orr, librarian of Case library at Cleveland. This edition was limited to five hundred copies, of which mine is numbered 450. Printed on deckle-edged paper, with broad margins and large type, it is a joy to the eye, as well as to the mind. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it is the first book written in praise of books; in addition, it offers an earnest plea in defense of book-collecting.

When De Bury, Bishop of Durham, wrote the *Philobiblon* he had by far the best private library in England, containing, it is said, more books than the libraries of all the other English bishops together. He had collections of books in each of his residences, and they so filled his rooms that his friends often had difficulty in finding a place to stand or sit. Yet, sad to tell, of this splendid medieval library, nearly all the volumes were destroyed in the stormy days of the Reformation, only two books remaining, so far as known. One is a copy of Anselm and other theological treatises, now in the Bodleian library. The other is a twelfth century copy of John of Salisbury's works, now in the British Museum. Richard de Bury was born near Bury St. Edmunds in Suffolk, January 24, 1287, the son of Richard Aungerville. His father dying, the boy was educated by his uncle, John of Willoughby, who sent him to a grammar school and then to Oxford, where he entered in 1305. His scholarship was so good that he was selected as tutor to the young prince, afterward Edward III, who made him his chancellor and later caused him to be installed bishop of Durham. Prior to the latter honor, however, De Bury was sent on many foreign missions by his royal master, on which journeys the book lover found many opportunities to add to his library. At Avignon in 1330, the king's ambassador first met Petrarch, and between the two a warm friendship sprung up, owing to their mutual tastes, although Petrarch was much more of a scholar than the book-loving Englishman. De Bury was only 58 when he died, which event took place April 14, 1345, less than three months after he completed his *Philobiblon*.

Great as was his passion for books, Richard de Bury was neither selfish nor sordid. He liked to have his friends make use of his library and it was his purpose to devise his books to Oxford university, that they might be available to all its students. But the bishop, alas, like so many book-lovers since, died in debt, and his collection was dispersed, meeting the fate already noted. His love for books was a marvel to his friends, who could not understand this passion. It is related of him that he kept in regular employment no small assemblage of antiquaries, scribes, bookbinders, correctors, illuminators, and all such persons who were capable of being useful in the service of books. He begrudged no expense to possess a volume of rarity or antiquity and at Rome and in Paris he was lavish with his money in exchange for choice volumes and rare old manuscripts of the classics. In the French capital he was especially assiduous in collecting, and he relates with intense rapture how many choice libraries he found there, full of all kinds of books,

which tempted him to spend his money freely; and with a glad heart he gave his dirty lucre for treasures so inestimable to the bibliomaniac.

This, then, was the De Bury who, in retirement at Durham, following the war with Bruce of Scotland, among his beloved books, now began to write his *Philobiblon*, a faithful record of the life and experiences of a fourteenth century bibliophile. Says he, "A book made, renders succession to the author; for so long as the book exists, the author remaining immortal, cannot perish." Wells of living water, he called them; golden urns in which manna is laid up; rocks flowing with honey, or rather, indeed, honeycombs; udders most copiously yielding the milk of life; storerooms ever full; the tree of life, the four-streamed river of Paradise, where the human mind is fed, and the arid intellect moistened and watered. Truly, this was a confirmed bibliophile. Finally, said he, as all men by nature are desirous of knowledge, and as we are able by books to obtain the knowledge of truth, to be chosen before all riches, what man, living according to nature, can be without an appetite for books? Moreover, he held that no expense ought to prevent men from buying books, unless the knavery of the seller is to be withstood or a better opportunity of purchasing is expected. Aristotle, he notes, bought a few of Speusippus' books immediately after his death, for 72,000 sesterces. Plato, before him, as to time, but his inferior as to doctrine, bought the library of Philolaus, the Pythagorean, for 10,000 denarii. He quotes Aulus Gellius as saying that the ignorant may consider how greatly the wise undervalue money in comparison with books.

With what a sorrowful spirit did the good De Bury contemplate the horrible havoc wrought by war among books. He records with a tearful pen the impious work of the auxiliary soldiers in the second Alexandrian war in Egypt, where 70,000 volumes, collected by the Ptolemies, kings of Egypt, in a long course of time, were fed to the flames. What an Atlantic progeny is supposed to have there perished, he exclaims. The labors of the celebrated Hercules, the religion of the Egyptians, the polity of the ancient Athenians, the verses of the Chaldeans, the astronomy of the Arabs and Indians, the architecture of the Babylonians, the Georgics of Noah, the divinations of Moses, the trigonometry of Joshua, the enigmas of Samson, the problems of Solomon, the antidote of Aesculapius, the grammatics of Cadmus, the poems of Parnassus, the oracles of Apollo, the argonautics of Jason, the stratagems of Palamedes, and an infinity of other secrets of science are believed to have been lost in like manner by fires.

With naive frankness Richard de Bury tells how from his youth he had ever been delighted to hold special and social communion with literary men and lovers of books, and through prosperity's aid he was able to indulge his propensity. "For the flying fame of our love had already spread in all directions, and it was reported not only that we had a longing for books and especially for old books, but that anybody could more easily obtain our favor by quartos than by money." Delicious confession, this! He relates how the cabinets of the most noble monasteries were opened and how he delved in sepulchres of books, once clothed in purple and fine linen, now reposing in dust and ashes, given over to oblivion, the abodes of moths. Nevertheless, among these wormy treasures he declares he sat down more voluptuously than the delicate physician could do amid his stores of aromatics; "and when we found an object of love, we found also an assuagement. He adds:

Moreover, if we would have amassed cups of gold and silver, excellent horses, or no mean sums of money, we could in those days have laid up abundance of wealth for ourselves. But, indeed, we wished for books, not bags; we delighted more in folios than florins, and preferred paltry pamphlets to pampered palfreys.

What a gentle humor had the book-loving bishop! No wonder he died poor! He descants upon bookish comrades he deliberately chose in his boyhood, all of an older growth, but by whom "we were most deliciously nourished." With the eye of a leveret he could discern the hiding place of his bookish game. On his travels, in towns where the convents were rich in books, but poor in purse, "We were not slack in visiting their chests and other repositories of books, for there, amid the deepest poverty, we found the most exalted riches treasured up." To his palace anybody having a precious volume or rare manuscript was always sure of admittance and of going away minus his treasure, but bearing in exchange coin of the realm.

One chapter of the *Philobiblon* is devoted to

a vindication of poetry and its utility, another to a disquisition on those "who ought most particularly to love books." Said he, "Books are delightful when prosperity happily smiles; when adversity threatens they are inseparable companions." What a comforting philosophy! Especially do I like what this patron saint of bibliophiles has to say on the handling of books. He would insist on a mature decorum in opening and closing a volume, that it might neither be unclasped with precipitous haste, nor thrown aside after inspection without being duly closed. "You will, perhaps, see a stiff-necked youth lounging sluggishly in his study, where the cold has caused his watery nose to leak; nor does he take the trouble to wipe it with his handkerchief till it has moistened the book beneath it with its vile dew. For such a one," he observes, with fine scorn, "I would substitute a cobbler's apron in the place of his book. He distributes innumerable straws in various places, with the ends in sight, that he may recall by the mark what his memory cannot retain. Left in, the book is distended and eventually ruined." What contempt he has for the one who eats fruit and cheese over an open book, or reclines with his elbows on the open pages, or twists back the corners, or applies his sweaty hands to the white parchment. He cries out: "It is altogether befitting the decency of a scholar, that washing should without fail precede reading, as often as he returns from his meals to study, before his fingers, besmeared with grease, loosen a clasp or turn over the leaf of a book. Let not a child admire the drawings in the capital letters, lest he pollute the parchment with his wet fingers, for he instantly touches whatever he sees." What a genuine booklover was this!

Finally, Richard de Bury devised a plan by which his books could be safely loaned to students at Oxford, in the event of his library reaching that anchorage, after his demise, and his directions are, in the main, not far removed from the methods in vogue today in the modern circulating library. Was he not a noble bibliomaniac deserving to rank first in his line? Like all true booklovers, he was endowed with many Christian virtues, with great charity—which is why he left so poor an estate in aught but books—with sincerity. He had many friends, by whom he was greatly beloved, and at his death he was genuinely mourned. What a happy life led this dear old bookman, who passed away, cataloguing his treasures, 566 years ago. S. T. C.

Col. Greene's Estate

There is no little speculative gossip among members of the Arizona colony now in Los Angeles as to the size of the estate left by the late W. C. Greene, who died in Cananea a week ago. At one time the Greene fortune was estimated as high as \$10,000,000. That was before the 1907 panic hit Col. Greene, whose wealth about that time received a jolt from which it never reacted. It is believed the estate, when it shall have been probated, will be found to aggregate between \$500,000 and \$2,000,000. Col. "Bill" Greene was an unusual character, and that his achievements will be remembered long after his name has been forgotten is not doubted. Generous to a fault, he possessed admirable qualities of heart and hand; he had the courage of a lion, and the determination that usually accompanies it, with a disposition that marked him a born gamester. He would take a chance the ordinary person would not think of assuming, and many are the stories extant in northern Mexico and southern Arizona, illustrative of that trait. He once offered to wager the late E. H. Harriman \$100,000 about a trivial matter that was in dispute, and numerous are the instances when he offered similar opportunities to Senator Eugene E. Ives and Col. Epes Randolph.

World-Famed House Comes to Stay

For several years the big concern of Thomas Cook & Son, having Pacific coast headquarters at San Francisco, through its resident manager, Charles E. Stokes, has had a wistful eye on Los Angeles, as a good field in which to maintain a Cook office. Last week negotiations were closed with Robert A. Rowan & Co. for the lease of the Spring street frontage adjoining the ladies' annex in the Alexandria hotel, and this week Mr. Stokes returns in person to superintend the opening of the Los Angeles branch of this world-famed tourist travel house. In conformance with the custom of Thos. Cook & Son, a banking department, for the convenience of travelers will be established in connection with the "personally-conducted" house. Evidently, the heavy round-the-world passenger traffic from this city, of late, has inspired Mr. Stokes with a determination to get his full share of the business, and I predict he will not be disappointed.

AMONG THE PROGRESSIVE WOMEN

POWERFUL SUPPORT FOR SUFFRAGE

(From the San Francisco Call)

WHATEVER strength it has, whatever influence upon the citizenship of California, whatever ability to exalt truth and uplift justice, the Call pledges to the support of senate constitutional amendment No. 8—the amendment whose ratification means the enfranchisement and emancipation of the women of California.

This pledge is no concession, no yielding to popular sentiment. It is given as a matter of duty, of right, of equity. The Call will seek no credit for doing the plain duty of an honest newspaper. It will seek—and it shall have—opportunity so to discharge that obligation as to make its performance of the highest use and widest benefit of the women of California—to all woman-kind.

It is a simple enough alteration of the state's organic law that is to bring about this great change. Amendment No. 8 merely takes out of the constitution a sex adjective and puts into it the alternative sex pronoun and so abolishes the anomalous and indefensible distinction between the human rights of the being born male and the being born female.

In form the change is trivial. In effect it is tremendous. A few little words cut out of the law, a few put into it and every California woman is the political peer of every California man. That little change of little words accomplished and California is set squarely in the forefront of civilization with those states that have wiped out the old, absurd, shameful discrimination against the best there is in humanity.

Amendment No. 8 takes California from the dark ages to the light, sets her free from a discreditable tradition of skin-clad, bone-gnawing barbarism. No question fairly arises, no issue may be justly joined as to the political or economic effect of this amendment. The Call has no patience for that sort of argument. If there were lawful room for debate on that score, then the decision must be inevitably and overwhelmingly for the woman. Nobody asks what the effect upon the body politic will be when this or that male or class of males comes into his or their political heritage. Nobody can doubt what the effect will be when womankind comes into its political own, so long and unjustly denied.

There never was a bad cause or wrong principle that had not reason for wanting to keep the woman out, nor was there ever a good cause or right principle that did not want—and get—the help of womanhood. Unfailingly, from the daybreak of history to its noontide, the woman's influence has been for the good against the bad in every concern and activity of the race. The woman's jewels have paid for the discovery of a new world and a new freedom; the woman's hands have woven the banner of a new civilization, built its temples and kept its altar fires burning; the woman's mind and soul have inspired every crusade of religion, patriotism and morality since humanity began to walk upright and see God behind the stars.

Frankly, as any right minded man must admit when he is alone with his conscience, the stock arguments against admitting women to the full prerogatives as well as the full obligations of citizenship are sheer sophistry. Especially in this land of the free—free males and females—and this home of the brave—brave males and females—we have glorified woman, almost deified her. We have made a queen of the traditional squaw; converted her wigwam into a palace; given her servants to chop the wood, chew the buckskin and take care of the papoose; even turned over to her the eagle feathers and the wampum belt—but the tradition of her squawhood as to a voice in the council has curiously persisted. The American woman is empress of the American home, but the ballot box she may not come near—that ark of the masculine covenant.

It is a queer and self-contradictory condition. We cherish our women above all else we have. As mothers they are—and rightly—idealized, idolized; as wives they are our second and better selves; as sisters and daughters their honor is more than our own. We have educated their bodies and their minds until there is no physical or intellectual exercise or employment in which they may not compete with us on even terms. They are fit, and nobly fit, to mother us and teach us, to wive us and to bear us and rear us sons and daughters of our bodies. But when the election bonfire burns and the voting shack is set up—then they revert to squawhood.

After all, let us admit that there is nothing very

difficult about the exercise of the franchise, nothing so very profound in the knowledge that underlies—is supposed to underlie—this supreme privilege and dignity of the male American. What male of us knows, except through his newspaper or his sample ballot, who is running for senator or assemblyman in his district? Any woman can read a newspaper or a sample ballot as intelligently as any man. How many "native male citizens" among us can tell offhand who is lieutenant governor of California now and who held the job last year; who is railroad commissioner for this district; how his senator or assemblyman voted on the eight hours for women bill? These are elementary questions. Is there anything about them or any question like them that the female mind can not grasp as well as the male?

Nor is there anything in the franchise or its exercise to smut the sanctity or detract from the dignity of the most carefully sheltered womanhood—nothing in the ballot or its use inconsistent with the woman's purity or gentleness or usefulness in any of her relations or functions. If there were, if the ultimate privilege of citizenship involved rough, dirty work, fit only for the ruder hands of men, then that fact alone would be reason enough for letting the women into the temple for the purposes of house cleaning and decency.

The voter must register and in so doing rub elbows with all manner of men. Women stood in the bread lines of 1906 and kept their white purity unsullied; women stand in the lines at theater and railroad ticket offices and thereby take no harm to their womanhood, lose nothing of womanliness. The voter must go to the polls and mark and cast his ballot and there meet men he sees at no other time. The woman—the best of women—goes to the grocery store and a good while ago we took the ballot box out of the grocery store because the surroundings were thought unwholesome for our politics.

So all the old barriers raised between woman and the ballot box fall by their own weight, the old arguments reduce themselves to absurdity. There is no escape from the conclusion that woman, bound to obey the laws and support the officers of the law, is entitled to an equal voice in the making of those laws and the selection of those officers. It is impossible to get away from the fact that the being fit to be the mother of "native male citizens" is fit for any privilege her sons may have.

The hour strikes for the liberation of California's women from a hypocritical helotism. The Call wants a share in the righting of this ancient wrong. To that end it will give its columns daily and freely from now until October 10—there is no need to set an alternative date—to assist in the ratification of amendment No. 8. It will be ratified, but for the honor and glory of California we want the majority to be enormous—it ought to be a unanimous affirmative vote.

When the California man goes behind the curtain and marks his ballot let him think, as he lifts the stamp over amendment No. 8, that he is voting for or against the woman that bore him, for her freedom or slavery, for her righting or for the perpetuation of an old and cruel injustice upon her and upon the mother of every other man.

Put the cross in the right place—the "Yes" place—and put woman in her right place.

INDORSED BY HIGH AUTHORITY

(From the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin)

Premier McGowan of Australia, who, with his wife, is in New York on his way home from attendance upon the coronation, expresses himself in no doubtful language on the subject of equal suffrage. Here is what he said to a reporter:

Let women have the vote; they have made a model state out of New South Wales. American women will solve the problem of government for you if you will let them.

Does he speak under the influence of fear? Do the women of New South Wales neglect domestic duties and take advantage of their political power to browbeat their husbands? The reporter describes Mrs. McGowan as "a mild-mannered little woman, the mother of eight children." Her views on suffrage are described as identical with those of her husband, and she is quoted as "greatly impressed with the height of the buildings in New York, but disappointed at the height of the American women." The last clause lacks lucidity. Does Mrs. McGowan think American women too tall?

CAMPAIGN ACTIVITY IN PROGRESS

INTEREST in political equality has flared up with new force—according to the records of the last three or four days, for mass meetings and rallies have been the rule in all the suffrage camps. Saturday afternoon at the big meeting of the Political Equality League at Choral Hall, Mrs. Robert Farquhar of Santa Monica made an excellent address, offering many telling arguments. "Nothing is as it used to be in business methods, and those in economic lines are changing, so why should woman be content to continue along the old-time lines. The health and cleanliness of the community have always been intrusted to women, as have the raising and education of children. Nowadays, however, a woman is still responsible for the condition of the child when it leaves the parental home as a finished product, yet she may exercise no control over the environment, the sanitation of the city, nor the inspection of foods which are factors in the welfare of the child. Fifty years ago, when higher education for girls was first agitated, terrible results to domestic life were predicted. It was said that the children would go dirty and unkempt, while their mothers pored over books on higher mathematics—that woman would cease to be feminine and beautiful. Today, our colleges and universities and high schools are filled with girls who are winsome and beautiful and care to look nice." After Mrs. Farquhar finished, Thomas E. Gibbon gave a pithy and telling address. Monday noon at the Woman's City Club luncheon at the Westminster Hotel, General E. C. Bellows gave members an insight into the workings of the city administration, which so interested his hearers that when his allotted time was up, they refused to let him leave the floor, but begged him to continue—even though it delayed them at the suffrage rally at Venice. General Bellows, who is a member of the Civil Service Commission, explained the system, showing wherein it differs from the time-honored ruling that "to the victor belongs the spoils." He exposed the grafting that is all too frequent an occurrence in the various departments that are upheld by taxpayers, showing that small effort was made toward economy, that conscienceless assessors idle away their days, while the city pays for their good times; how in places of trust incompetent men are paid for doing nothing, just to satisfy a campaign debt. As an example, he related a recent exposure in New York, which proved that it cost the city more than \$365—thirty-one days of labor at \$8.00 a day and a number of hooks at \$2.21—to screw in a few cheap hooks that sell at wholesale for five or six cents. After General Bellows' address, a large number of the City Club members rushed to Venice, where the suffragists were winning many to their cause in the big beach rally. At St. Mark's Plaza, where the addresses were given, a huge crowd gathered—both men and women, although the latter were in majority. W. A. Rennie, of the Chamber of Commerce, received the guests, and saw that the suffragists received fair play and were not annoyed by scoffers. Miss Mary Foy argued against the anti-suffragists, and Mrs. Tupper Maynard gave a number of reasons why women were fitted to use the ballot. Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson, enthusiastic worker, and chairman of the Political Equality League, stirred her listeners with the sincerity of her speech, and Mrs. Cora Deal Lewis, organization chairman of the Votes for Women Club, Mrs. Alma V. Laferty of Colorado, and Mrs. Hester Griffith also spoke. Among the masculine defenders of the women's cause were David Abbott, formerly of Salt Lake; Roy Jones, president of the Pacific Coast Suffrage League, and Force Parker, a prominent attorney. Several of the Venetians who have heretofore been rabid antagonists to suffrage wore the little yellow "Votes for Women" badge before the meeting closed.

WHEN WOMEN WILL

What cannot women do if they will? Miss Harriet Quimby has complied with all the requirements necessary to procure a license as an operator of aeroplanes, and has been officially endorsed by the Aero Club of America. She is the second woman aviator. The first was Madame Dutric of France. There will be others, declares the (Mil.) Evening Wisconsin.

PURPOSES OF THE MACDOWELL CLUB

SIX years ago, in honor of Edward MacDowell, the MacDowell Club of New York was formed. This club, with its growing membership of well-known composers, conductors, opera singers, actors, critics, architects, editors, playwrights, violinists, pianists, poets, readers, reciters, lecturers, sculptors, theatrical managers, writers, translators, bids fair to become a power in the East for the protection and development of the fine arts. The avowed purpose of the club is "To promote the arts of music, literature, and the drama, architecture, painting, sculpture, and the other fine arts, and particularly to bring into prominence special works of art that are deserving of broader recognition; to encourage study, research, and production in all branches of art, to develop a sympathetic understanding of this value, to contribute to the broadening of this influence, and thus carry forward the life purpose of Edward MacDowell."

By adopting this catholic attitude the club recognizes that MacDowell's interest lay not alone in music, the art in which he found expression, but in a broad appreciation of all the arts; and it establishes its intent to carry on the work that death interrupted. MacDowell's great desire was to place the appreciation of the arts in this country on a just basis and give music its proper place among them. He stood for something big and broad and human, and of infinitely more value than the exquisite music he left behind him. If he had been content to bury himself in his work and sing his songs for his own pleasure, he might possibly have been with us today, but a big idea had taken hold of him, and it is probable that the hardships of his fight for its recognition and the means of carrying it out tired the delicately-poised brain, so that the master mind, still in the vigor of youth and achievement, was darkened and the sound of his music stilled. For nearly two years he sat there, a majestic figure, in mental darkness, waiting for death. It is a pity that Miss Mears, who had the great privilege of making a portrait relief of him at this time, should not have risen to the majesty of her subject. But the thought came to one to make his idea live, and the club formed in his memory has been touched with the enthusiasm of his purpose.

With active brains at his disposal, it is devising practical methods to further its plans. The committee on drama has, perhaps, accomplished more of immediate interest to the public than any other, for it has developed an effective method of organizing audiences for the production of good plays. Rather more than a year ago, the club determined to make an effort to win the public to the support of worthy plays in the first three weeks of their production, in order that managers might be encouraged to present literary, poetic and artistic drama. Last winter an invitation meeting was held. Various speakers presented the plan devised by the club, and the public was invited to share its benefits. When a new play is presented, the members of the committee attend the initial performance and afterward meet, discuss the play and arrive at a consensus of opinion regarding it. If they reach a favorable decision, a bulletin is sent to subscribers giving briefly, in a few sentences, the character of the play, its import and the reason why it should be supported. They do not claim that all plays recommended are great, but that they are good of their kind. If they find a play unworthy a discreet silence follows, for it is not the purpose of the committee to enter the field of managerial criticism. The members of the committee accept no complimentary tickets from the management of any theater, for it is their purpose to give an unbiased opinion, which would scarcely be possible if they were guests of the management.

By steadfastly pursuing this course, the committee prevents the press agent from using it for advertising purposes. At last winter's meeting, Mr. Louis Anspacher spoke at length on the advantages of the plan and the necessity for forming subsidiary clubs in smaller cities, to which bulletins might be sent for guidance before a play reaches the town for a one-night stand. Mr. William Faversham described an independent movement of similar character in Chicago, called the Drama League of America, which has been in existence for several years. He had found this League exceedingly helpful in his attempt to produce artistic drama, as operating through branch organizations in many states it was able to influence an audience of considerable size. This first aid to the manager is conceived in the right spirit, for it is in the first two weeks that a play stands or falls. After a play has failed, we often

hear the expression, "I wanted to see that. I heard it was good." But it is too late. If, instead of taking it for granted that they might see the play at any time, all the people who meant to go had gone in the first two weeks, it might have spelled the difference between success and failure, so those who receive the bulletins of the club are urged, if they intend to go at all, to go at once, that the management may be encouraged during the period of tryout to keep the play on.

* * *

This season twenty-six plays were visited and discussed. Among those which were recommended are "Anti-Matrimony," by Percy Mackaye, described as "an amusing satire on the abuses and exaggeration of the modern cult of individual freedom and a contrast of these self-imposed ideals with the rigid responsibility of common sense life." Mackaye's "Scarecrow" was also recommended as "highly poetical," but neither of these plays survived long. The "Blue Bird" was described as the "evocation of the souls of common things personified in human forms." "The Faun," as "the restoration of sophisticated and conventionalized human beings to a Pagan innocence." Such characterizations are often sadly needed by people who go to plays and cannot afterward tell what it is all about, even when the playwright has writ large, so that those who heed may readily understand. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Chantecler," "The Piper," "The Boss," "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," "As a Man Thinks" were recommended and each was fairly and justly characterized.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, August 7, 1911.

TAHOE'S HUMAN AND NATURE SCENERY

I LEFT San Francisco in the smoker of a slow, east-bound train on my way to Lake Tahoe, "the gem of the Sierra Nevada; the most beautiful mountain lake in the world, see hotel advertisements." My clothes were of worn khaki, my feet were shod in mountain boots and my only luggage was a knapsack containing change of underclothing, toilet articles, a kodak and a collapsible fishing rod.

Throughout the long day the brakeman was constantly sticking his head in the door of the coach to shout out the romance names of the days of gold—Sacramento, Dutch Flat, Emigrant Gap, Gold Run. My companions were drummers, Mexicans, shipped railroad laborers and miners. Snatches of a dozen languages came to my ears, but never, except in burlesque, did I hear the word "classy" used.

As we climbed the fir-covered foothills of the Sierra, the Chinaman, who was my seat companion, related Bret Harte's classic of the border ruffian who could shoot a cigarette from a man's hand, but who "allowed he must have spoiled two dozen Chinamen learning the trick."

I almost wished my entire vacation might be passed in an overland smoking car with an educated Chinaman for a companion.

Darkness and Truckee, California, appeared simultaneously. It had been a hot day and I set about cooling myself. But when I found that the one block of the main street of Truckee contained twenty-three saloons, with "six dance-halls running wide open around on the back street," as a friendly bartender suggested, I retreated in dismay to the miniature train which was to carry me to the lake.

Tahoe Tavern, beautiful resort of bourgeois respectability and tailor-made outing clothing, received me but for the night. The bell boy carried my knapsack as if it contained a bomb or a sourette's wardrobe, otherwise I might have stayed longer, for it was near by that I found Bill Boyle, boat builder, father of a brood of half-breed children and story-teller. Pointing across at the wharf of Tahoe City, Bill described with exactitude the location of the now-destroyed Tahoe custom house.

"But what do they want of a custom house up here?" I objected.

"That's what a good many people thought. When they'd come ashore and go in to find out, the barkeep would tell them the custom was to buy drinks for the crowd." Bill and I immediately adjourned to the Casino.

Through Abe Cohn, owner of the "finest collection of Indian baskets in America" (he admits it himself)—with which he will part for a proper consideration—I made the acquaintance of Dat-so-la-lee, a Washoe Indian woman and the most talented basket artist alive today. Dat-so-la-lee has chosen to renounce her poetic native name, which signifies "big hips," for the ordinary appellation of Louise. But, for reasons which only a beholder can appreciate, the Indian name still sticks.

Lake Tahoe is all the indigo water that ever

washerwoman prepared, distilled and dumped into a two thousand-foot-deep hole in the high Sierra Nevada. Its surface reaches an elevation above sea level of sixty-two hundred feet. For scrubbing boards there are the rugged slopes of the nine and ten thousand-foot peaks which surround it. A thousand springs and a score of creeks feed the lake, and the lake feeds a hundred million native Lake Tahoe trout.

About the seventy-five mile circumference of the blue water daily navigates the white steamer "Tahoe." Upon her, with a ticket entitling me to disembark at any of the dozen "free and easy" camps at which she calls, I was received in spite of my doubtful appearance. In one place brook trout and a creek which penetrated far back into the yellow pine forest, lured me for a day. They were biting nicely, and I carried thirty back to camp, though a shepherd and the keeper of an abandoned logging camp took up half my day with reminiscences. Another day and another camp; some one said "Granite Lake and native cut-throat trout," which resulted in a five-mile climb to a ten-acre pond nestled between two high peaks.

From Tallac, summer paradise of the late Lucky Baldwin of fast horse and other notoriety, I struck back into the mountains on foot, with my knapsack as my only traveling companion. At a village of tents beside another lake I found repose and sustenance. When the first rays of next morning's sun were reflected back by the glittering waters of Fallen Leaf lake, with a luncheon of grateful heaviness in my bag, I started for the summit of Mt. Tallac, ninety-seven hundred feet above sea level.

From its pinnacle there spread out below me the Switzerland of America. Eleven lakes were in sight, from the big one of two hundred square miles to a tiny one of two acres, which I passed on my way up. And as I stood there glorifying myself for the climb I had made, I was joined by a family of three, father, mother and six-year-old boy! The only comfort for my self-esteem was that they had ridden horses up a different trail from the one I had considered "a wee bit steep." Their trail was mine down to the lower levels to a mountain camp and a hot evening dinner of trout.

Properly to complete my week of polite vagabondage, I rode back to San Francisco in a chair car on a night train. The moon shone brightly enough to bring out all the grandeur of the noble mountains, and I was rewarded for my discomfort by hearing a woman say that she was "surprised to see so many mountings in California, she'd always had an idee it was flat country."

"So you went to Tahoe, did you?" said the Main Squeeze. "I suppose you saw grand scenery."

"I did," I replied, "particularly the human scenery."

BOB FOOTE.

FROM A CORNER OF CALIFORNIA

WE are all proud to call ourselves Californians, and most of us, I imagine, consider ourselves good Californians. But to be worthy of the name it would seem essential that we should know something about California. I have just been discovering what a poor Californian I am myself, and it has taken me sixteen years to realize how colossal is my ignorance of the state of which I am proud to call myself a citizen. And, meanwhile, I had imagined I knew California fairly well. Recent experiences, however, have revealed to me the fact that I was only familiar with a few corners of this wonderful domain, and that one is likely to have a very limited idea of California if one continued to live year after year in her big cities.

* * *

It seems curious that in this great, broad, magic land one's vision can be so limited. But it is only within the last few years that San Francisco has recognized the existence of Los Angeles—and the recognition has been by rather painful compulsion. While, I think, the average Southern Californian is prone to imagine that all the glory, wealth, beauty and "climate" of the state are confined south of the Tehachapi.

Possibly, I am overestimating this narrowness of vision from my own experience, and I may as well admit that I am in a somewhat chastened and self-searching condition after a voyage of twenty-eight hours, in which I gave up everything at the order of Neptune on one of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's vehicles, which is euphemistically termed a passenger vessel. I have sailed on many seas, but never encountered such a variety of motions and e-motions as those prompted during a voyage from the Golden Gate to the bar of Humboldt Bay.

* * *

This brings me to Eureka—a magic word, and

never was mortal man more thankful for the perfect of the Greek verb "to find." Now, what else do you know about Eureka and Humboldt county? I wonder if it is more than my own shameful ignorance? And yet here is one of the most interesting cities on the continent—unique in its isolation, but splendid in its products. Here is Eureka, a prosperous and busy city of between 12,000 and 13,000 people, the port from which a large part of the lumber which has built Los Angeles must have been shipped. And throughout their history, Eureka and Humboldt county have been independent of railroads, except the little lines laid to connect the logging camps with the sawmills and the port. These Humboldters must be a brave people—50,000 of them, I believe—with no other means of communication, even today, with the outside world save second-class steamships and lumber schooners or a stage, now, automobile, trip of more than 100 miles to connect with the Northwestern Pacific, which has now built as far north as Sherwood.

If Humboldt county and Eureka can do what they have done without any railroad communication, what will they do when the line to San Francisco reaches completion, which, it is expected, will be within the next two years? And, evidently, the Eurekaans have no lack of confidence in their destiny, for only yesterday I was shown a piece of property—a great investment, I was assured—at \$1,000 a front foot. Within the next few months, it would not surprise me if the Los Angeles realty experts were taking an interest in Eureka. There are great bargains to be had, and one of the oldest inhabitants advises me that the Eurekaans don't know "what's coming to them," and that the money will be made by "outsiders."

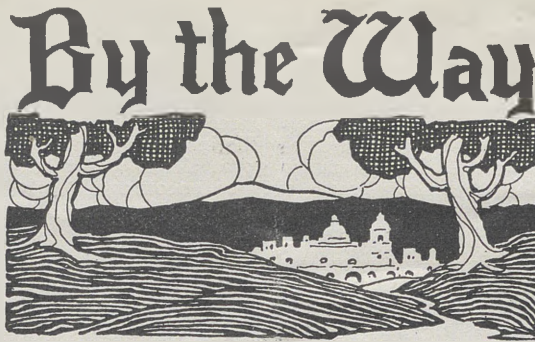
Just consider what is bound to make Eureka a big city—the wealth that lies behind her. From this port now is being shipped annually between 250 and 300 million feet of lumber. I never was much good at figures, but I venture that means 56,818 miles of lumber stretched out in line—perhaps easier to comprehend than the millions of feet. And I am told only one-sixtieth of the lumber in Humboldt county has yet been cut. Another idea of the mammoth business done in this county. One milling company alone, the Vanco at Samoa, on the peninsula opposite Eureka, employs an average of 1,000 men, with a monthly payroll of about \$70,000. The Northern Lumber Company, which has mills at Korbel and Riverside, about 20 miles from Eureka, employs another thousand men in its mills and logging camps. The former company's average output is 7,000,000 feet a month. And, most important, after a bloody and costly warfare, four years ago, the lumber business of Humboldt county has entirely shaken off the yoke of the labor unions.

Industrial freedom is popular in this county and its inhabitants prefer to go on their individual hooks. Yet there is no community in California which has so successfully combated the intrusion of the yellow race. A few years ago there was a fairly populous Chinatown in Eureka. But one night the tong men were taking shots at each other and accidentally killed a passer-by, who happened to be a white man, and a popular county official. Overnight, the Eurekaans "cleaned up" Chinatown, and so far as I can discover, a pigtail hasn't been seen in Humboldt county ever since, nor have I yet seen a trace of a Japanese.

Its great timber wealth is by no means the sole resource of the county, which is rapidly becoming one of the chief dairying sections of the state. You must now travel fifteen miles from the coast to come within sight of any of the big trees, and as the land has been cleared, with an occasional graveyard of the stumps of the mighty fallen, it is given over to agriculture and pasturage. Next week I hope to be able to give you an idea of the beauty of the county and its great attractions for the sportsman. Even on a vacation, one can learn something about California, and, of course, it is not work to write for the readers of *The Graphic*.

R. H. C.
Arcata, Humboldt County, August 5, 1911.

Perhaps by the time Senator Lorimer's term of office expires, his colleagues may have finished reviewing the testimony adduced at adjourned hearings and be ready to make a decision. The investigating committee, after a prolonged session, has taken a recess until October 19, when it will reconvene in Chicago. We would suggest that Southern California—any point—would be an excellent meeting place for the next adjourned session, which might be arranged to continue until spring before taking the next recess. Congress could well afford to grant the committee leave of absence in the interim.



Freak State Building Suggested

From San Francisco, an artistic-souled friend advises me that there is grave danger of freak architecture in connection with the planning of the state building for the exposition. He avers that there is a project afoot to erect a monstrosity after the ground plan of the outline of the state, with a roof to match, I suppose, after the contour of the topography of the state. I cannot believe this eccentric idea is being seriously entertained. A building is a thing in which the accidents of geography should in nowise be related. The state building should be beautiful, it should charm the eye and please the taste. Personally, I believe the state architect could not do better than to reproduce as near as may be the plan of the state building at the World's fair in Chicago, which was a delight to all cultivated tastes, distinctive and artistic. The California building at San Francisco should be a monument to the state, viewing which the visitor should insensibly get a suggestion of the greater beauties and enhanced wealth of resources and production. The building should be a mirror, in which the state reflects her charms. Above all things, it should not be the laughing stock, the butt of all the ridicule, the apotheosis of execrable architecture, for the hundreds of thousands of visitors. Better no building at all. I submit that it would be advisable to present the matter to a commission of competent architects, asking their advice as to a design for a practical, beautiful, artistic and characteristic building for the state of California. Doubtless, the man who made the freak suggestion meant well, but I feel sure when he looks at the project from all sides he will change his opinion. Moreover, a California building should not be built at all, unless every county in the state agrees to participate in its erection. I have every reason to believe that Los Angeles county will hold back, unless unanimity of action on this question is promised. The burden is too heavy and the results unsatisfactory for a few counties to attempt to do the work.

Travelers Heading for Home

"Bob" Marsh is on the ocean this week and within the next ten days expects to be back in Los Angeles, keen for the grind. He and his charming family have had a delightful outing abroad, enjoying hugely the novelties of a first visit to the Old World. Another big realty man who has been away all summer is Col. William Garland, president of the Los Angeles Realty Board. He is expected home Tuesday. Harry Gray and R. I. Rogers, who accompanied him on his 4,000-mile automobile jaunt to Maine, including side excursions, preceding their host by a few days, the colonel having stopped over in San Francisco to attend the Bohemian Club summer jinks. Messrs. Gray and Rogers report having had the time of their lives.

Arthur Letts' Motor Trip

From Lake Lucerne Arthur Letts drops me a line under date of July 6, saying that he and Mrs. Letts have motored from Paris to Carlsbad, taken the cure, journeyed on again by auto via Munich, Tyrol and Nuremberg. Then they will jaunt along by easy stages to Geneva and back to Paris through the Chateau district, planning to arrive at the French capital Monday of this week, after a five week's motoring tour in which ideal weather has been experienced. In a way, this was a second honeymoon trip, since Mr. and Mrs. Letts will celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary next month. One of the added pleasures of the outing was the meeting of a score or more of Los Angelans at different points on the journey.

Mr. Joyner's Pessimism

It is hard to believe that the \$2,000,000 or more thus far expended of the \$3,500,000 voted in 1908 for road purposes, may prove to have been wasted. The alleged facts appeared a few days ago in the *Times*, which paper, by the way, opposed the change, and sought to prove that the old board was all that was expected and more. F. H. Joyner, the new chief of the bureau, who is being

paid a large salary to finish such of the good road system that has yet to be completed, professes to be convinced that a large part of the money expended is as good as thrown away. I am not so pessimistic as Mr. Joyner.

Back to the Old Stand

Oscar Mueller is the first of the Los Angeles colony whose members levanted to Europe last spring, to return home. Oscar did not wait for the coronation ceremonies in London, preferring to get to the continent before the crowd of sight-seers took possession. He is glad to get back, of course, and says that he is more than ever convinced that Emperor William is the one big figure in continental European politics. While abroad, Mueller paid particular attention to harbors, and his views in this regard he will set forth to those who have the welfare of this city at heart. Let me suggest to the City Club the advisability of hearing from him on this subject at an early date. Oscar Morgan is back, but Mel Adler and others, who went abroad about the time that Mr. Mueller and his family left, will not reach Los Angeles for several weeks yet.

Dr. Walter Barlow's Just Grievance

My sympathies are with Dr. Walter Jarvis Barlow, who, after investing in ranch property at El Cajon, near San Diego, attracted by the charms of the place as a summer home for his family, found his supply of water arbitrarily shut off by the San Diego Flume Company. When the doctor acquired the ranch he had an agreement with the prior owner by which the Flume company was to furnish a stipulated supply of water every 24 hours. This contract has been violated by the company. Early in May one-half the supply was stopped and later in the month all the water was shut off, to the subsequent ruin of all ranch products. Now the indignant owner has brought suit for \$13,000 damages, \$3,000 for actual losses and \$10,000 for punitive damages, to serve, as the complaint naively states, as an example. I hope a sympathetic jury will not overlook a good opportunity to enforce a needed lesson.

Thatcher School Gets Seward Simon

Seward Simon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Seward A. Simon of Pasadena, whose recent graduation from Harvard with high honors I noted in this column several weeks ago, has been the recipient of a call to the noted Thatcher School in the Ojai Valley, where he will instruct the budding youth in algebra, trigonometry, Latin and—baseball, I believe, being a most versatile young man. I congratulate the Thatcher brothers in their acquisition. I should like to enter myself, especially for "trig," in which I was ever a dull scholar.

Honor to the Bench

Judge Walter Bordwell appears to draw more than his share of what other members of the judiciary here might consider knotty cases. To him has been assigned the duty of trying Edwin T. Earl, on a charge of wire tapping. The judge never has been known to dodge any task, however unpalatable, which cannot be said for all his associates. With Judge Rives, Houser and Hutton, Judge Bordwell will be an aspirant for re-election next year, and that he well deserves indorsement, even his bitterest enemy, if he has such, cannot deny.

Delmas Comes to Stay

That the accomplished Delphin M. Delmas, formerly of San Francisco, should have acquired legal residence in Los Angeles is worthy of note, for certainly a lawyer of his erudition is a decided acquisition to the local bar. Mr. Delmas for years has been one of the really eloquent men of California, and whose special pleading has won juries in many a hard-fought legal battle. I understand that his advent here was at the solicitation of Mrs. Delmas, who could not live in New York and who did not care to live in San Francisco. It would not be surprising to find him actively engaged in Democratic politics before many months. At one time he sought election as United States senator, and, presumably, still has a hankering for the national capital.

Madero an Ardent Mason

Francesco J. Madero, who is fairly certain to be Mexico's next president, like Diaz and many other of the country's liberal leaders, is an ardent Mason. Madero has not been affiliated with the order long, having been given his Blue Lodge degrees in the field, while the recent revolution was in progress, having been made a Mason on the American side of El Paso. So enthusiastic has he become that he insisted upon rushing through the work, until he has fourteen degrees at this time. He plans to join the Mystic Shrine

and proceed to the thirty-second degree as rapidly as the rules permit. Madero is exceedingly partial to Americans, according to my correspondent, and does not hesitate to say, whenever he has the opportunity, that but for the assistance he received from them he could not have succeeded in the contest against Diaz.

Traducing the Dead

When the Times, a few days ago, referred to the late Julian Ralph as a keyhole reporter, who would halt at nothing to secure information, most of the working newspaper men of Los Angeles were inclined to resent the allegation. Ralph visited Los Angeles on more than one occasion, and such of us who met him here and elsewhere, recall him as the soul of honor, and one of the ornaments of the profession, of which he had made a life study. He was modest, and a big man in every way. Either through ignorance, or in instigated malice, the local writer committed a slander on the dead in his unjust estimate of the man when he referred to Julian Ralph as a blowhard and worse.

Blossom Seeley's Rise

How many of the theater goers of this city recall Blossom Seeley, a one-time popular soubrette, who, after trying unsuccessfully to get a local engagement in one of the better-class theaters, was taken on at one of the cheaper Main street places of amusement, where the best seat may be had for twenty-five cents, with thirty-five cents for a box. There Blossom sang and cavorted for months, until she was able to land a New York engagement. In that city she seems to have made one of the pronounced hits of the season on Broadway, the "Turkey trot," the "Frisco gilde," and similar terpsichorean efforts having been her specialties. Her salary, I am informed, is now \$300 a week, and when she returns to Los Angeles, if she ever does, it will be as the star of a Broadway musical show, playing to \$2 a seat prices. Los Angeles, which ignored her at twenty-five cents a seat, will probably flock to see her under the new conditions.

Dent Robert Seriously Ill

Dent H Robert, in charge of the Hearst journalistic interests on the Pacific coast, is said to be seriously ill at Hotel Del Coronado. He had intended to have Hearst newspapers in operations in Portland and in Seattle before this; but his sickness has caused the delay. I understand that "Andy" Lawrence, former managing editor of the San Francisco Examiner, years ago, who went to Chicago and made a success there with the Hearst publications, is to preside at the accouchement of the proposed up-coast dailies.

More Worry for Advertisers

I hear that the latest projected afternoon Los Angeles newspaper has succeeded in financing itself to the extent of more than a hundred thousand dollars, and that its list of directors will present imposing names, including at least two bankers and one prominent railway manager. I wish them well of their task; they may conclude later that it were wiser to stick to their respective metiers. The new paper is to appear about Sept. 1, it is reported.

Old People's Home Revenue

Frank P. Flint has been appointed to succeed the late Judge John D. Bicknell as a trustee of the Hollenbeck Home for old people, located in Boyle Heights. This particular charity, one of the best conceived in Los Angeles, grew out of the Hollenbeck fortune, and was devised by the late Madame Hollenbeck. Its principal support comes from the hotel at Second and Spring streets, which at one time was the site of the Hollenbeck homestead.

More Trouble for Earl

When William Randolph Hearst reaches Los Angeles, which will be in a few weeks, he will determine whether or not he wants to establish an evening paper in this field. I hear that he always has had a hankering for such an investment, and may decide that now is the crucial moment for him to make the venture. Accompanying Mr. Hearst to this city will be Guy B. Barham, who, with Mrs. Barham, has been touring Europe with the Hearsts for several months.

McLachlan May Oppose Bell

That Southern California is to gain two additional members of the lower house in Washington, is due to the new apportionment bill passed in Washington last week. Los Angeles is likely to be represented by two members in the next house, as one of the results of the prospective new order. It is likely that State Senator C. W. Bell will be a congressional aspirant from Pasadena next year, opposing James McLachlan, who will

be a candidate from the Crown city. In case of his success, he will make an earnest effort to get back to his old position on rivers and harbors committee, but this is only possible in the event of Republican control of the house.

Nepotism Charge Against Wilson

From the City of Mexico, a correspondent writes that considerable criticism is being expressed among American residents there because of the fact that a son of Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson, is soliciting law business that must come before the embassy. This, naturally, handicaps other lawyers seeking clients in that direction. Because, it is contended, it gives to the younger Wilson an undue advantage, there is to be a complaint registered at the State Bureau in Washington. Meanwhile, it is generally understood there will be a change in ambassadors at the Mexican capital before many months.

Earl May Unload Union

Gossip is rife that E. T. Earl is planning to dispose of all his holdings in various industrial corporations, to the end that he may not be handicapped in his newspaper forays against certain interests. Mr. Earl owns about 10,000 shares of Union Oil, I believe, worth in the open market in excess of a million dollars, in addition to his Home Telephone securities, which latter represent only a small part of his personal fortune. The sale of the Earl holdings would disturb the market for Union considerably, but it is likely that in case it is offered for sale a syndicate will be organized for the purpose of taking over the shares, en bloc.

Capt. Cross and His Challenge

Capt. John Cross, who died last week, was a curious combination of the energetic and the wilful in his dealings with corporations, who were among his best clients as a railway builder. He was a member of the assembly in Sacramento at one time, and when criticized for his railroad tendencies, in matters of legislation, took the floor and stated frankly that the charge was true and he had no apology to offer therefor. "I am a railroad man, a Southern Pacific man, if you please," remarked the captain, "and I will not deny it. But the difference between me and others here," he added, "is that I am in the open, and take from the Southern Pacific only what is owing me, in ordinary course of regular business, while certain ones I could name, who have been shouting the loudest against corporations since the session opened, I know have been trying to get on the railroad payroll for years. If anyone wants the names, I shall be glad to supply them now, or at any time." But nobody took up his challenge. Capt. Cross never went back to the state capital as a member of either house.

Meserve's Talents Recognized

E. A. Meserve, as chief counsel for the owner of the Express-Tribune in the public eaves-dropping case, has created no little comment. Not because he is not eminently fitted for the task, but by reason of the former attacks on the lawyer, because of his alleged railroad affiliation when he was a candidate for the United States senate, Earl having been his bitterest critic. Much of this was entirely undeserved, for a better lawyer and a stauncher friend than E. A. Meserve it were difficult to find. Truly, the whirligig of time makes strange evolutions.

John Gaffey's Resourcefulness

Along with Louis Vetter, Dr. Burt Ellis, Fielding J. Stilson, Avery McCarthy and half a dozen other Los Angeles members of the Bohemian Club, John T. Gaffey, the sage of San Pedro, has been hobnobbing this week with his fellow Bohemians in the big grove, just north of San Francisco, sacred to their summer rites and ceremonies. One of the San Francisco papers told this story on John this week, which, of course, is true: "Years ago Gaffey had an interest in a newspaper in one of the growing villages of the southland. The editor was a weakling who had threatened to quit his job after one week's experience, owing to the numerous threats that had been made to beat him up. He complained to Gaffey, who advised him not to be afraid, as he would give him a reputation for great courage. At the next meeting of the town council a petition was received by mail from Rufus K. Donaldson for a franchise to build a street railroad through the center of the village, along a beautiful boulevard, the pride of the community. The next day the petitioner was severely criticised in the village journal for presuming to ruin that beautiful residence street. The editor intimated that the applicant meditated a corrupt deal. A few days later Rufus K. Donaldson was asked in a leading editorial if he didn't represent the Southern Pacific company. Incidentally he was

asked what he had been doing since he got out of the penitentiary in Nebraska, whither he had been sent for shooting a neighbor. Just before the next meeting of the town council, the editor dared Donaldson to make his appearance. "We," said the editor, "shall be at the depot tomorrow, and we shall meet every train that arrives, and we should like to see Mr. Donaldson, late of Nebraska, and have him explain what his sinister purpose is." Needless to say Mr. Donaldson did not put in an appearance. Nothing more was ever heard of his petition. But thereafter nobody ever threatened to assault the distinguished editor. He became a power in the community and he always had a very high regard for John T. Gaffey, his resourcefulness and his ingenuity."

Pasadena Loses Prospective Resident

Pasadena has lost a prospective resident in the death of William P. Frye, late United States senator from Maine. The latter was to have made the Crown city his permanent home, and he had planned to visit Southern California as soon as his physical condition permitted him to travel. George F. Edmunds, former senator from Vermont, had expected to greet his old friend within the next few weeks, and had looked forward with considerable pleasure to their reunion. Mr. Edmunds has been living in Pasadena for a number of years. Senator Frye will be recalled by old timers in Los Angeles for the vigor of his fight in favor of Santa Monica as against San Pedro for harbor purposes. He was at the time on the senate commerce committee, where he was in position to be a powerful agent for or against the city's ambitions. The late Stephen M. White carried the day against Mr. Frye and those whose cause he espoused. Since that time the Maine senator has been heard to admit that his judgment was at fault.

Jere Burke's Impression

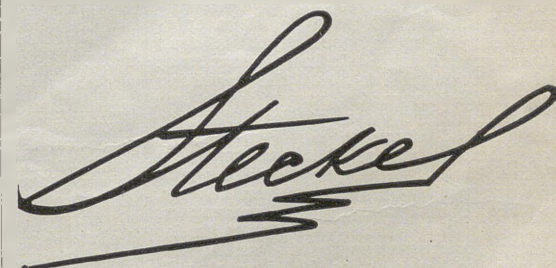
Jere T. Burke was in the city this week, in attendance upon the state board of equalization. Burke came south because Walter F. Parker, in charge of the Southern Pacific's taxation bureau in Southern California, is in the East. While he would not declare himself for publication while here, Mr. Burke expressed himself privately as being of the opinion that Los Angeles in an incredibly short time will find herself credited with a larger bona fide population within her corporate limits than San Francisco will be able to boast. Many years ago Jere T. Burke was secretary of the Los Angeles Railway Company, when identical interests owned all of the trolley transportation in this county. At that time the total mileage was embraced in what now are about half the city lines, with a single track connecting Los Angeles and Pasadena.

Quite According to Program

Underground gossip from Washington is to the effect that the fuss over the lemon tariff in the two houses has been altogether a program, for the benefit of Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, who is to have the California delegation in the next Republican national convention. La Follette is in constant touch with certain Lincoln-Roosevelt leaders from Los Angeles, who always knew that the Wisconsin man would respond, in citrus or other interests affecting us, whenever called upon. In other words, in the lemon fight the stage has been especially set so that, like a knight of old, Senator La Follette might dash forward in the nick of time and rescue the beauteous maiden, about to be carried off by the ugly caiff.

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Music

By Blanche Rogers Lott

Though Los Angeles is so far away from the managerial and musical centers, the most important artists in the world are heard here from time to time. Occasionally complaints are heard about high prices, but to dissipate this attitude one should read the following excerpts from Karleton Hackett, of the Chicago Post, on "Why Art Costs in America." The tremendous expenses of art in this country, he observes, at times excite patrons of art, yet the reason is plain as the nose on your face, and one that is most cheering, for the musician at least, to contemplate. Art costs because the artist in America can make a decent living, educate his children, perform his social duties and take his place as a member of society. It is very delightful to read of the orchestra that Prinz Esterhazy maintained in his castle, with Haydn at its head, but all except a few of the most important members were expected on request to wait on table, serve in the scullery and make themselves generally useful about the place. Imagine a similar contract being offered today. There are many sides to the question of art at such prices as shall make it possible for everybody to attend for a small sum. The good old days when the musician, the actor and the painter were classed as vagrants, when the poet lived in Grub street, and the man of letters could get more for the dedication of his book to a noble lord than he could hope for from the public sale, have passed away. There has never been any need to worry about the returns of the gifted individual who happened to please the taste of the day, but for the rank and file to gain a reasonable return for their services has been another question. In America today that matter is looked after and the musician is earning something more than a living wage. Would you have it different? You may growl occasionally at the cost of things, but as you sit on the veranda smoking a perfecto after dinner would you deliberately say that the artist who plays in your orchestra, for which he has fitted himself by a long course of study, is not entitled to a home, in which to sleep? Not a hole into which to crawl after his day's work, but a place that can be called home. It is all well enough to generalize on extravagance, but when we come down to the concrete, a home for the individual, clothing and sustenance, with good training for the children, can hardly be called a preposterous demand for the artist who, with his fellows, makes up our orchestras and bands. The man who mortgages his house and does without a maid in order to run a car is likely to be loudest in denunciation of the way these men are paid, but his opinion carries no great weight, while the man who has made a success of his affairs, receiving full measure for his services, is glad to know that others in their rank can also care for themselves. The twentieth century demands many practicalities. The divine afflatus which breathes through a man into the great things of art comes at its own good time, but the recurring desire for food, with the inevitable need of paying for the same, is constant as the sun. It has been agreed that the original bent of mind that turns a man toward music has little in common with the business instinct, but the musician is amenable to environment, so he has learned in this age something of how to take care of himself. He does not ask the salaries that are the commonplaces of the business world; there are no \$50,000 and \$60,000 places open to him, but he does demand such returns as shall give him a home with enough for comfort, and, thanks to his tardily developed business sense, he is getting it.

Mr. William L. Tompkins of Chicago is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin (Jennie Hagan) of Hollywood hotel. Mr. Tompkins has been in San Francisco and Oakland, delivering a series

of lectures, and Los Angeles is the loser that the season of the year prevents such lectures here. Few have accomplished more for music in America than Mr. Tompkins. The great Apollo Club of Chicago was a male club of sixty voices when he became its director, and through his efforts it became a mixed chorus of more than four hundred voices. Of his work for children, the American Encyclopedia well says, "He not only taught the children to sing with accuracy and expression, but he awakened in them higher ideals and an enlarged outlook on life."

Mrs. Gertrude Parsons and Miss Lucile Dickson have gone north on an automobile trip and will be absent from the city several weeks.

Americans, says Josef Lhevinne, the great Russian pianist, are natural-born musicians, having a pronounced talent for music. But the American's weakness lies in his inclination toward amateurishness. Of course this, as all other facts, can be logically explained. The fundamental, serious study of music does not merely require diligence—in which Americans with their characteristic energy excel—but also necessitates an expenditure of time which they are not always ready or able to devote, because they have the very natural desire to attain their end too quickly and lack the requisite patience.

Humperdinck, the composer, does not take himself too seriously. To the question "Did you always wish to be a composer?" he retorted quickly, according to Musical America, "Yes. At first I thought that I should be a second Beethoven; presently I found that to be another Schubert would be good; later I would have been content to be a Lortzing; then, gradually satisfied with less and less, I was resigned to be a Humperdinck."

Musical papers report that according to the will left by the late Felix Mottl, he directs that, of his valuable musical library, the original manuscript scores of Haydn and Beethoven shall be presented to various Vienna collections, and the Hummel manuscripts are to go to that composer's native city of Presburg. The Mottl autograph collection, including letters to Wagner, Bellini, Berlioz, etc., are to be sold at auction.

Clarence Lucas, the clever composer, and now of the Musical Courier staff, is an admirer of Arthur Nikisch (and who isn't?) for a poem has recently been published over his signature:

Have you heard of Arthur Nikisch?
Of his pose and manner slickish,
Free from everything that's trickish,
Or that's flabby-Tom-and-Dickish?

Tempo is a game with Nikisch,
Whether it be slow or quickish;
For tradition he's not stickish,
Notwithstanding critics' kickish.

In the nick of time is Nikisch
Coming o'er the ocean slickish,
Leaving London's vapors thickish,
With his men select and pickish.

Then "Hooray" for Arthur Nikisch!
He can lick the world that's lickish;
Thorns will find this Nikisch prickish,
Yet he looks so span and spickish,
Does conductor Arthur Nikisch,
He's a brick—at least he's brickish!

Richard Strauss is engaged upon an important work, which is to be called "An Alpine Symphony," and will take about an hour to play. The first part, says an exchange, represents the feelings of a lonely traveler ascending a high mountain, gradually withdrawing himself from the world. A lyrical motif runs through it, representing the littleness of terrestrial affairs. There will be musical descriptions of the difficulties encountered by the climber on his way, a waterfall, a deep gorge, a mountain thunder storm. Arrived at the summit, the climber breaks out into a song of praise of the glories of the Alpine scenery. The second division of the work describes the descent. The traveler, inspired with the beauties of

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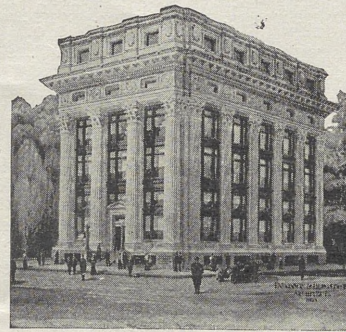
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nature as seen in the mountains, is filled with religious unbelief, and worships nature instead of God. The descent is occupied with the struggle in the wanderer's soul between this feeling for nature alone and the higher feeling for the divine, both of these feelings being represented by their particular motifs. Finally the motif of religious faith dominates the other, and the symphony concludes with a lofty hymn of praise to God.

Flonzaley Quartet, that marvelously blended organization, is to visit the Pacific coast again the coming season, and it is certainly to be hoped will play again in Los Angeles. Last season the quartet gave eighty-five concerts, traveling 30,000 miles.

New York Philharmonic Orchestra is to give three performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony under its new leader, Josef Strausky, the MacDowell Chorus and noted soloists assisting.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Not Coal Lands. 03756

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

July 17, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that Guillermo Bojorquez, of Topanga, Cal., who, on July 8, 1906, made Homestead Entry No. 10979, Serial No. 03756, for Lots 1, 2, 3, and 4, Section 19, Township 1 S., Range 16 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 28th day of August, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: J. E. Dunham, Claud Allen, Juan Vargas, Refugio Espinoza, all of Topanga, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Date of first publication, July 22, 1911.

Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:
Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.
Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.
Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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Art



EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK

Margaret Patterson—Walker Building.
William Swift Daniell—Steckel Gallery.

By Everett C. Maxwell

To attempt to crowd into a two-column article even a brief review of the achievements of the late Edwin Austin Abbey in the field of international art, or to endeavor to map out his course of evolution from an illustrator to a master of monumental decorations would be much like the task of the poor fisherman in "Arabian Nights," who found himself confronted by the problem of putting the escaped geni, towering to the skies, back into the small vase.

* * *

I am reasonably sure that I shall be accused of triteness when I say that in the death of Abbey, which occurred in Gloucestershire, England, the world has lost one of its most conspicuous figures in the history of American painting. When Abbey began his career as a painter, American ideals were founded in the work of such men as Innes, Homer, Wyant, and others of this famous school of landscapists. The imported traditions of the French, or the academic idea, evolving from such men as Gerome, Cabanel and Lefebvre, was more or less responsible for America's best figure painting. Abbey stepped forth from the half light of Harper's art department into the open field and became a flying wedge between the two movements. He took the best that the idealistic Barbazon men had to offer, and, standing for French ideals of form and color, gleaned from the academic field all of their firm principles of anatomical construction and faithful lineal perspective, then launched boldly forth upon a sea of his own.

* * *

He applied his new and composite theories to the presentation of historical subjects, but his unparalleled success in his line lay not so much in the deftness of his hand as in the cunning of his brain. His pet theories were strangely out of tune with our accepted ideals of painting. In spite of the Barbazon influence, Abbey was truly academic in all his work, yet what was it that gained for him the title in Europe of America's greatest painter? It was the fact that, coupled with these academic principles, was an imagination that for breadth and depth has never been equaled in the art history of the world. The conventions of modern art bound him so little that it may be said that he created a school of drawing all his own. He held his technique in small esteem, yet it was there and it was masterful and original. He was a student, a historian, a writer, and these triple influences show in all his work.

* * *

It was the aim of Abbey's parents to make of him a lawyer, but, strange as it may seem, young Edwin was not a nimble scholar. As a lad he cared only for the books which contained the greatest number of blank fly leaves. Upon these he drew pictures. He also enjoyed a passion for making things out of mud. So, finally, the wise parents decided that the boy must study art. Geo. W. Childs was consulted and as a result the lad was set to work in the typesetting department of the Philadelphia Ledger. Evenings and a few daytime hours each week were allowed him to attend classes in the Pennsylvania Academy of Art. In 1871, at the age of nineteen, Abbey completed his course at the academy and entered the employ of Harper's Weekly as a member of the art staff, becoming one of that group of great illustrators, which includes Howard Pyle, Joseph Pennell, John W. Alexander and Alfred Parsons, that focused the eyes of the art world upon American illustrated journals.

* * *

Here young Abbey drew because he had to draw. If his sketch was not ready on time he had to give an account of himself to the managing editor and managing editors are exacting. He began on the humble salary of \$5 a

week, but his talent was soon appreciated, and, at the age of twenty-four he was privileged to apply to the cashier for "expenses." Abbey and Parsons were sent to the "Centennial" at Philadelphia to "draw" it. This was the turning point in Abbey's career. The art gallery transported him far beyond Harper's Weekly into the realms of gold of which he had never dreamed. He must travel. He must know England and the long past. His opportunity came when he received a commission to go to England and make sketches for a de luxe edition of "Her- rick." He went, but not to London or the usual haunts of the tourist. With crayons and pad he tramped over the same country that Shakespeare knew.

* * *

Abbey had come into his own. Middle England, with its associations, was his field. He took a cottage and painted all he saw and much that he imagined he saw. Barring a brief eight months back in America at the end of the same year, the Shakespeare country has been his home ever since. He passed his life in England, not because he loved America less or England more, but because its moods fitted his. "Morgan Hall," Fairford, Abbey's palatial home, has long been one of the show places of England. It was here he lived and loved and worked, and it was here he died Tuesday, August 1, at the age of 59.

* * *

It is unnecessary for me at this time to go into details concerning the nature of his work, the best example of which is the "Holy Grail" frieze in the Boston Public Library. This is a good example of his early pictorial method and is rendered in a most effective manner. In it he has caught and held the atmosphere of the old chronicle. His purpose was to picture the glittering pageantry of the Arthurian legend. In this aim he was eminently successful. His latest important work in America is the panels for the capitol building at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. In this undertaking he proved himself susceptible to the spirit of the times.

* * *

We have always looked upon Abbey as a modern who lived in the past. He loved old times and old things. In the Harrisburg frieze he found no embarrassment in transition. He showed himself to be a twentieth century American, despite the fact that he has lived the greater part of his life in the half light of medieval England. In this colossal work Abbey was called upon to interpret motives of modern science, and he did so with deep sympathy and rare understanding. All he asked was that the material should submit to his sense of beauty. The subjects of these panels are "The Spirit of Religious Liberty," "Science Revealing the Treasures of Earth," "The Spirit of Light," and "The Spirit of Vulcan." The magagement of color in these is superb. The figures, most of which are nude, are painted freely and boldly, showing a close research into movement and the play of muscle with their changing effects of light and shade.

* * *

Abbey always had something to say and he always said it in a big way. His work has had a strange and I trust a lasting influence upon young American and especially young English painters. In every Royal Academy show are to be found pictures notable for their bold spotting of red, black and white, colors which always characterize Abbey's palette. All of his illustrations have a variety that comes from thought and a charm that is derived from skill in grouping. After this his color never fails to make appeal, for his sense of color was always under the spell of a gallant past. His Shakespeare subjects were all wonderfully true in their suggestion of character and treated in a decorative manner hard to equal. This work is bound to become classic in illustrative art.

* * *

Of Edwin Abbey, it has been said, "he seemed the perfect type of a man

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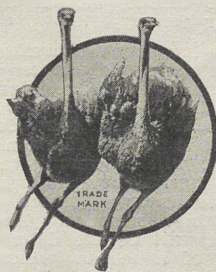
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who, by doing all his work well, with no vaulting ambitions, had placed right in the line of evolution." In laying down his brush to answer the sudden and unexpected final summons, Edwin A. Abbey leaves his life work unfinished only in the sense in which we often thoughtlessly use that common phrase. Whatever glories he might have added to his secure place in the realm of art, he has left a legacy of immeasurable richness to mankind in the pictures into which he traced his wonderful individuality.

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Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke

Mrs. Mark B. Lewis of Birmingham, Alabama, who is visiting here this summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Howell, is being most delightfully feted by her many friends. Mrs. Lewis as Miss Mildred Howell was one of the belles in Los Angeles' exclusive society circles and later as a young society matron she was a leader in the smart set. Her visits to Los Angeles are always the occasion for a series of informal entertainments in her honor. One of the prettiest of the affairs given for Mrs. Lewis, and one shared by Mrs. Louis Spratlan of Denver, a cousin of Messrs. Joe and Waller Chanslor, who is a guest at the Hershey Arms, was the theater party and tea given Thursday afternoon by Mrs. Walter Perry Story of Chester Place. Mrs. Story entertained her guests at the Orpheum, and following the performance tea was enjoyed at the Alexandria, where the table was artistically decorated with quantities of flowers and greenery. Places were set for twenty-four.

Plans are being made for the approaching wedding of Miss Galetta Mushet and Mr. Frederick Hastings Rindge, which is to take place Tuesday evening, September 5, at Christ Episcopal church, with Rev. Baker P. Lee officiating. Miss Mushet has chosen Miss Eardla Baker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Baker, as her maid of honor and Mrs. Frank H. Kidder, a recent bride, as matron of honor. The bridesmaids will be Miss Rhoda Rindge, sister of the groom; Miss Sara Hanawalt, Miss Marjorie Baker, Miss Gladys Moore, Miss Jean Lines and Miss Dorothy Woolcott, the latter of Riverside. Mr. Kurt Koebig will serve Mr. Rindge as best man, and the ushers will be Messrs. Samuel Knight Rindge, Seymour Davids, Roy Bayly, Herbert Brown, Kenneth Wallace and Dr. Frank H. Kidder. The wedding will be one of much social interest, owing to the prominence of the two families, and Miss Mushet already is being delightfully feted with a merry round of pre-nuptial affairs by her many friends.

Mrs. Hancock Banning was hostess Monday at a coaching party which made the trip from Avalon to the Middle Ranch, where an old-fashioned country dinner was served and a delightful time enjoyed under the big fig trees, said to have been planted there by Guerro, a Chileno squatter, in 1865. The guests were Mrs. W. T. Johnson, Mrs. Fred Walton, Mrs. J. R. Scott, Miss Smith and Mr. Alfred Allen, all of Los Angeles. Wednesday another party of Los Angelenos, who are enjoying the summer at Catalina, passed the day at the Middle Ranch, making the trip by horseback and in vehicle. In the party were Mrs. Charles Mondini-Wood, Mrs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Florence Wood, Miss Isabel Scott and Mr. Oscar Selig.

Mrs. Mary J. Shallert and Dr. Arnold Burkelman, whose betrothal was announced earlier in the summer, have decided upon Thursday morning, August 17, as the date for their marriage. The ceremony, which will be of much interest to a host of their friends here, will take place at the chapel of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Green street between Eighth and Ninth streets, at 8 o'clock. Rt. Rev. Bishop Conaty will perform the service, assisted by Rev. Harnett, Dr. Joseph Glass and Rev. Frank Conaty. No invitations are issued for the affair, which is to be quietly celebrated. Dr. Burkelman and his bride will go north for their wedding trip, visiting Yellowstone Park and other places of interest. Upon their return they will be at home at 938 Beacon street.

Judge and Mrs. Erskine Mayo Ross have returned from a four months' trip abroad. They are at the beach for the remainder of the summer, but will come to the city in October, when they will occupy their handsome home at the corner of Wilshire boulevard and Vermont avenue. While in Europe, Judge and Mrs. Ross visited Naples, thence they went to Rome, where they remained three weeks, in which time they

were received by the Pope. Their later itinerary included Florence, Milan, Munich, Carlsbad, where a month was passed, Paris and London.

Of special interest to a wide circle of friends was the marriage Wednesday afternoon of Miss Ida A. Schwab, daughter of Mrs. M. B. Schwab, formerly of Cleveland, to Dr. Edmond M. Lazard, prominent professionally and socially here. The ceremony took place in the library at Hotel Alexandria, Rev. S. Hecht officiating. Under the direction of Herr Reichl, the decorations were particularly artistic and effective. An altar of white flowers and electric lights was formed at one end of the room, while quantities of pink bridesmaid roses and greenery were used elsewhere in the decorations. The bride was attired in a handsome lace robe, made over heavy white satin, with a veil of tulle completing the costume. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and maidenhair ferns. Miss Erma Schwab assisted her sister as maid of honor, her gown being pink chiffon over satin, with bodice of beads and lace. Her bouquet was of bridesmaid roses. Mr. Mortimer S. Lazard attended his brother as best man, while Rosalie Lazard Jacoby, daintily attired in white, preceded the bridal couple to the altar, scattering rose petals along their path. The ushers were Messrs. Laurence A. Lewin, Ross L. Lewin and Isaac O. Levy. Following the marriage service, a beautifully appointed wedding supper was served in the banquet room, where the bride's table was decorated with an electric fountain surrounded by a mound of lilies of the valley and bride roses. On the smaller tables the center pieces were baskets of pink roses. Mr. and Mrs. Lazard will enjoy a short trip, and after September 1 will be at home to their friends at the Hershey Arms, where the bride's mother and sister make their home.

One of the most charming of the winter season's debutantes will be Miss Marguerite Drake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake of South Hoover street. Miss Drake, who has just been graduated from an Eastern school, will be among the first to make her formal bow in local society, her mother having planned two large functions in her honor. The first of the affairs will be the debut party in the form of a tea to which a large number of guests will be invited. This will be an event of the early season, probably a date in the latter part of next month. The second will be a large and fashionable ball which Miss Drake will give with her parents.

Mrs. John K. Wilson who with Mr. Wilson, is passing the season at Venice, will leave Tuesday for Palo Alto for a short stay. She will be accompanied by Mrs. C. C. Wright of the Hartman Apartments. Mrs. Wilson's son, Mr. Weston Wilson, who is a junior at Stanford, will join her in the north a few days later.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Kemp and son, Thatcher Kemp, who are making an extended trip abroad, write from Vienna July 25, that they plan to return to their home here in December. They are enjoying a most delightful itinerary of travel, and in September will motor in England.

Mrs. M. A. Bostwick of 422 West Adams street has returned from San Francisco and Oakland, where she has been visiting for the last six weeks, and is at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, for the remainder of the month.

Miss Florence Miller of Brighton avenue entertained Tuesday with a pleasant afternoon affair in compliment to Miss Helen Lotspeich, whose engagement to Mr. Edmund W. Gale, Jr., has been announced.

Miss Fanny Rowan of Harvard boulevard, with her house guest, Miss Belle Boone of Kansas City, has returned from Long Beach, where the two young women were enthusiastically interested in the tennis tournament.

Mrs. Walter Miller Clark of West Twenty-fourth street, with her mother,

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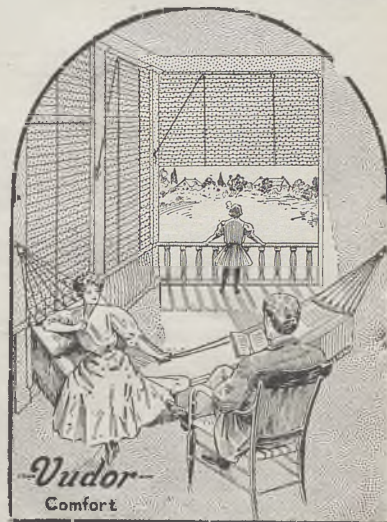
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parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willitts J. Hole of West Sixth street, pending the completion of their own home on Kingsley Drive. Mr. and Mrs. Hole will leave soon for an extended trip around the world.

Mrs. Ira Campbell of San Francisco, formerly Miss Zella Fay, has been a house guest for several weeks of her mother, Mrs. Fred Fay of Gramercy Place.

Mrs. Anna Scholz and her son, Mr. Emile Scholz, left the first of the week for an extended tour of the East, going by way of San Francisco and Omaha. They will include Jamestown, N. D., Whitehall, Wis., and St. Louis in their itinerary, being entertained in those cities by relatives.

Former Senator Robert N. Bulla, accompanied by his two daughters,

Mrs. Abbie MacDowell, left the first of the week for a month's outing at Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Clark's small son is left in the care of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark of West Adams street. Mr. Clark will join his wife at Lake Tahoe later and return with her and her mother to their home here.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Strothard White and their two little daughters, the Misses Emily and Frances White, have returned from a motor trip to Santa Barbara. They will pass several weeks at their summer home at Balboa Beach.

Mrs. J. H. Clark and Mrs. M. R. Collins of Oakland have been house guests of Mrs. B. F. Nance of 815 West Pico street, and recently were the guests of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. George Munger, Sr., at her home on Hobart boulevard. Mrs. Collins is a cousin of John D. Rockefeller and was one of the attendants at the time of his marriage.

Announcement has been made of the betrothal of Miss Ruth Mills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Easton Mills of San Luis Obispo, to Mr. Paul Fisk Yungling of Pasadena. The wedding will take place in September. Miss Mills is well known socially in Los Angeles and Pasadena, as well as in San Francisco. She is a cousin of Mrs. White-law Reid and a niece of the late D. O. Mills, the California capitalist.

Major and Mrs. B. F. Truman and their daughter, Miss Truman, who have been guests at the Virginia for several months, will pass the remainder of the summer at Lake Tahoe and Del Monte, returning to their home here in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas and their daughter, Miss Anita Thomas, have a cottage at Catalina for the summer, and at present have as their house guest, Miss Clarisse Stevens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otheman Stevens of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight Rindge, whose marriage was one of the brilliant society events of last month, have returned from their wedding trip and are guests at the home of the bride's

Miss Vivian and Lorice Bulla, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sutton, Verne Sutton, Mrs. Elmer Wellfare, Connie Stearns and Marion Bradley are at Balboa for the month.

Among the many Los Angelans and Pasadena folk who registered at the Metropole, Catalina, last Saturday, were included Mrs. Lycurgus Lindsay and Miss Gladys Lindsay, Miss Gladys K. McLachlan and Miss Marjorie McLachlan, Mrs. H. L. Eaton and Miss Dorothy Eaton.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Minnie Myers of 2626 South Third street, Santa Monica, to Mr. Harry Tribit of Los Angeles. The wedding will take place September 4 at the Church of the Angels, and the young couple will make their home here.

Among the September weddings will be that of Miss Pauline Wilson Worth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Williams Worth of 422 West Twenty-seventh street, and Mr. Horace Parlin Hamlin of New York. The ceremony will take place September 14 at the home of the bride's parents, after which Mr. Hamlin and his bride will go to New York to make their home.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Woodside of 1415 Harvard boulevard of the marriage of their daughter, Miss Myrtle Woodside, to Mr. Luther M. Barrick of Canton, Ohio, the ceremony having taken place Wednesday of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Barrick will make their home in Canton.

Mrs. John Chanslor and her daughter, Miss Bird Chanslor, of 1928 Harvard boulevard, left the first of the week for San Francisco, where they will enjoy a stay of ten days or so.

Mrs. Matthew S. Robertson of South Burlington avenue entertained Tuesday afternoon with an informal bridge luncheon in honor of Mrs. Will Phillips of Fresno, who is the house guest of her sister, Mrs. W. L. Graves. A number of pleasant affairs have been given for Mrs. Phillips while a visitor here.

Miss Nina Mills of 1222 Westlake avenue is at Sevenoaks for a vacation outing.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Mitchell of 1001 Alvarado street have returned from a trip of six weeks through the northern part of the state. They were accompanied by their two sons, Hoyt Mitchell and Glenn Mitchell.

Mrs. Will E. Chapin, who has been traveling abroad for several months, will return the latter part of September. She will be accompanied by her daughter, Miss Bessie Chapin, who has been studying violin in Europe for the last three years.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Eastman have disposed of their home at 1219 West Eighth street and will go to their ranch at San Luis Rey, San Diego county. Their son and daughter, Mr. Gordon Eastman and Miss Helen Eastman, will remain in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Myer Siegel of 1041 Magnolia avenue are expected to return the first of the week from a two months' stay in New York and Washington. They will go immediately to Ocean Park for a short outing.

Judge and Mrs. J. W. McKinley and their son, Wilfred McKinley, have returned home from a vacation trip to the Grand Canyon.

Miss Edna Letts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts of Hollywood, has returned home after an extended visit with friends in the north.

Mrs. Charles Van Valkenburg of Gramercy place has as her house guest, her cousin, Mrs. Jack Lynn and little daughter of Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Kierulff, Jr., of 1322 West Jefferson street, who have been guests at the Coronado, have been enjoying this week at San Diego, where they registered at Hotel Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Pomeroy of West Adams street are at Lake Tahoe for the summer.

Friends of Mrs. Frank K. Rule will be glad to know that she has returned to her home at Venice, where she is convalescing from her recent operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Black, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moulton, Dr. and Mrs. A. D. Simson and Miss Drucie R. Malott left

Sunday on an extended tour of the world under the auspices of the steamship department of the German-American Savings Bank. They will visit Honolulu, Japan, China, India, Ceylon and Egypt, after which they will travel extensively through Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Davenport and daughter, Miss Blanche Davenport, of Beacon street, left recently for an Eastern trip, going via San Francisco, Lake Tahoe and Denver. They plan to visit in New York for several weeks, also the Thousand Islands, Lake George and other points of interest. Later they will go to Boston and to Wellesley, Mass., where Miss Davenport will continue her studies at Dana Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Davenport plan to return to their home here in October.

One of the recent affairs enjoyed by members of the younger set was the theater party given at the Belasco by Miss Laura Almada. Following the performance, tea was served at the Alexandria. Guests were Mrs. Harold Cook, Miss Alice Elliott, Miss Daphne Drake, Miss Beatrice Ortiz, Mrs. Henry, Miss Stephenson, Miss Ella Gardiner, Miss Beatrice Revo, Miss L. Ortiz, Miss Amelia Revas and Miss Martinez de Castro.

Mrs. Mary E. Vail of West Twentieth Place, with her daughters, Misses Grace and Ella Vail, and their house guest, Miss Myrtle Fulkerson of St. Louis, are enjoying a part of the season at Venice. Miss Grace Vail has recently returned from a visit in Arizona, and her sister is home from the East, where she has been attending school.

At the call of Mrs. Walter G. Eisenmeyer and Mrs. Samuel T. Clover, the residents of Mt. Washington met Friday evening at the home of the former, 10 San Rafael avenue, Mt. Washington, for an informal discussion of Amendment No. 8 to the constitution.

Miss Alice Shea, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Shea of San Rafael avenue, was married Monday afternoon to Mr. Mark A. Eaton, son of the late Judge Eaton of Pasadena. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. C. C. Pierce officiating. Only members of the immediate family were present. Mr. and Mrs. Eaton will make their home in Los Angeles at the conclusion of a short wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Berthold Baruch of South Figueroa street, with their two sons, Roland Baruch and Paul Baruch, left Sunday last for a month's trip through the north. They will motor to Santa Barbara and Monterey, stopping at Lake Tahoe, Shasta Springs and other points of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh W. Harrison of 1210 West Twenty-eighth street are at Avalon for the summer months. They are domiciled at Camp Stay Awhile.

Mrs. R. L. Winston and daughter, Miss Jennie Winston, of 2417 Budlong avenue, with the latter's niece, Miss Genevieve Wilson, are with Miss Winston's sister, Mrs. W. P. Keller of 2727 Ellendale Place. They have leased their home on Budlong avenue and will remain with Mrs. Keller until next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Ainsworth of West Adams street, with their charming young daughter, Miss Babs Ainsworth, have gone to San Francisco for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Spalding of Pasadena have taken the cottage of H. E. Huntington on the Esplanade at Clifton-by-the-Sea for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Pierce of 638 Catalina street are passing a fortnight at Seven Oaks.

Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Hitchcock of 2700 South Grand avenue have returned home from a vacation trip to Honolulu.

Miss Grace Mellus of 1236 South Alvarado street is enjoying a visit in San Francisco with friends.

Mrs. G. Wiley Wells of Second street, Santa Monica, is home from a few days' trip to Catalina, where she was accompanied by her nephew, Mr. Marion Terry of this city. Before going over to Avalon, Mrs. Wells was a guest at the John T. Gaffey country home, La Rambla, near San Pedro.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gillis of West Twentieth street are occupying their summer cottage on Adelaide Drive, the Palisades, for the season.

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Their daughter, Miss Adelaide Gillis, who is visiting with friends in Cucamonga, will join them later. Miss Dorothy Gillis is passing the summer in Nova Scotia, visiting with her grandparents.

Mrs. C. C. Carpenter and her daughter, Miss Fanny Todd Carpenter, are enjoying a fortnight's stay at Avalon.

Mrs. Stephen Childs of West Adams street has returned from San Francisco, where she has been for a month.

Mr. Frank J. Hart and family are at the Virginia, Long Beach, for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth of 1103 Lake street are at Catalina for a two weeks' outing. Later they will leave for a tour of the northern part of the state.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Irene K. Marbourg, daughter of Mrs. Ida G. Marbourg of West Tenth street, to Dr. Byron Gale of Louisville, Kentucky.

Mrs. Carrie Jacobs Bond, the well-known song composer, has been visiting at Catalina with Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood at the Metropole.

Miss Edith Cooper of this city, with her guest, Miss Rancher of Denver, have been enjoying a ten-days' visit at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Spring, with their daughters, Misses Vera and Kathleen Spring, are at Catalina for a short outing. They are entertaining a house party there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Dennison and their daughter, Miss Henrietta Mossbacher, are making an extended stay at the Metropole, Catalina island.

Miss Amy Hellman of this city is visiting in the north with her cousins, Mrs. S. Erhman and Mrs. E. S. Heller of Menlo Park. Later, she will be the guest of her uncle, Mr. I. W. Hellman, at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Kauffman of Alvarado Terrace are receiving congratulations over the arrival of a little daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie C. Thomas, who were recently married, have returned from their wedding trip and are at the home of Mrs. Thomas' mother, Mrs. Robert Wilson of 5000 Gramercy place, pending the completion of their own new home.

Prof. W. J. Kennard of West Thirty-fifth place has as his guest his brother, E. Kennard of Stratford-on-Avon, who is making a tour of the United States.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Gordon of South Bonnie Brae street are enjoying an outing in the Yosemite Valley.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Martin Bishop of South Hoover street left the first of the week for an extended trip through the north. They plan to travel through the Yosemite valley and also will visit

Shasta Springs and other points of interest. They will be away a month or six weeks.

Mrs. F. B. Salathe, formerly of Santa Monica, is the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George Karl Freeman of Pasadena. Later, she will join Dr. Salathe in Wyoming, where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Walter Boothe of Pomona has taken a cottage at Balboa for the summer and has as her house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lacey, Mr. Ross Teague and Mr. Robert Walker of Pomona; Miss Louise Dillman, Miss Pluma Boothe and Miss Grace Thompson of Pomona.

Mrs. Andrew Stewart Lobingier and her daughter, Miss Gladys Lobingier, are occupying their cottage at La Jolla during August. Dr. Lobingier, who accompanied his wife and daughter to the south, returned home the first of this week.

At Mt. Washington

Mrs. C. A. Andrews, Miss Martha Andrews of New Orleans and Mr. Wilfred Andrews of Los Angeles were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Marsh at the Hotel Mt. Washington last Sunday.

About twenty couples of young folks enjoyed the Saturday evening dance at the Mt. Washington Hotel.

Among the late guests of the Mt. Washington Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Schepp.

Mrs. Gorham and little daughter of Colegrove were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel T. Clover for dinner and the dance in the evening last Saturday at the Mt. Washington.

Miss Jeane Williamson, who has been a guest at the Mt. Washington Hotel for the last ten days, left for her home in Rochester, New York, Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O'Donnell were guests at the Mt. Washington Hotel for several days last week.

Miss Charlotte Corlie of Long Beach, Cal., left Monday for her home, after a pleasant stay of ten days at the Mt. Washington Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Wise are enjoying a stay at the Hotel Mt. Washington.

Mrs. Viola Kennedy was hostess to a number of her friends at a bridge luncheon Monday at the Mt. Washington Hotel. The guests were Mrs. W. E. Staunton, Mrs. Annie Neal of Hermosa Beach, Mrs. William Pryce and Mrs. Annie Cheyney of Tucson, Arizona; Mrs. R. B. Burnister, of Prescott, Arizona; Mrs. Howard Burmister, of Ocean Park; Mrs. George N. Gage, of Phoenix, Arizona; Mrs. Henry Kinsley, of Tombstone, Arizona; Mrs. Brophy, Bisbee, Arizona; Miss Akers, of Tucson, Arizona; Mrs. Francis Cadwalader, Mrs. Ben Goodrich, Miss Sarah Goodrich, Mrs. W. C. Read, Mrs. G. V. Vickers and Mrs. A. J. Chandler, all of Los Angeles. Mrs. Goodrich, Mrs. Gage and Mrs. Howard Burmister carried away the prizes.

Cheaters

Clyde Fitch's sparkling comedy, "Girls," is offering succulent fare to Belasco patrons this week—even though the idolized Lewis Stone is missing from the cast. The play was hugely enjoyed when it was given a production at this theater a year ago—and its presentation this season is much better by comparison. The story of Pamela Gordon, man-hater of a virulent type, who forms a league of three—herself, Violet Landsdowne, stenographer and illustrator, and Kate West, writer and actress—which swears defiance to the "lords of creation." One evening as the girls are preparing for sleep, a young man, Edgar Holt, unceremoniously thrusts himself into their apartments, in order to escape from an unpleasant predicament. The

nold's performance as the prospective divorcee, is that she is quite too attractive to carry out the playwright's point. Donald Bowles, as the boyish Edgar Holt, swept the feminine contingent in the house by storm, and firmly established his place as a matinee idol. Howard Hickman is excellent as the "grouchy" Mr. Lute, and Richard Vivian laughably effective as the gay old dog who employs Vi and Pam. A bit that falls to the lot of Robert Harrison, who assumes the role of the aggressive janitor, is worthy more than passing mention. Minor parts are well filled.

"David Garrick" at the Auditorium
Nat Goodwin and the Auditorium



HENRY MILLER, IN "THE HAVOC," AT THE MASON NEXT WEEK

effect of Edgar upon the girls is as disrupting as Eve's eating the apple in the garden of Eden. Violet becomes engaged to a crochety woman-hater, who surrenders to her charms, and Kate is betrothed to her manager. Pam bravely flies her colors until the fort tumbles about her ears, then fairly throws herself into the arms of the canny Edgar, who has used modern Petruchio methods to tame his winsome shrew. There is many a good, hearty laugh in the pleasant little story—and the Belasco players get the most out of every situation. Thais Magrane's Pamela Gordon is a sincere bit of work, humorous, yet bordering on the pathetic at times. The feminine hit of the performance is Bessie Barriscale, the newcomer, whose Violet Landsdowne wins her hand after hand. As the lazy, slangy, good-hearted, impulsive girl, who is still a child, in spite of her years, Miss Bessie Barriscale offers delicious moments. Helene Sullivan is eminently suited to the role of Kate West, and Adele Farrington's appearance would be fatal to a man with false teeth, for a glimpse of her in a hobble skirt sends the audience into convulsions of merriment. The one thing to be decried in Roberta Ar-

stock company opened in "David Garrick" at the Wednesday matinee to a packed house and an apparently enthusiastic one. The pleasing old play is well done and Mr. Goodwin in the title role has a part giving him much opportunity. So far as his acting is concerned, he leaves nothing to be desired, playing the tender scenes with directness and sincerity, and the great directness scene with proper passion. But the day has long passed since Mr. Goodwin looked the part, and his attempting it now is a great injustice to what ability he possesses, for at times it is hard for the audience to overcome its sense of the ridiculous. In the play he is directly addressed as young and handsome and the illusion would be more perfect if the actor confined himself to more fitting characters, for the action of the play is occasionally interrupted by bursts of laughter at inopportune moments. Miss Rambeau looks fetching as Ada Ingot and makes the most of a rather trifling part. Mr. Galbraith is excellent as Squire Chivy, though two drunken scenes in one act is rather a strain on the patience of an audience, and might be abbreviated to advantage. The minor parts are well filled, but are really only a background

for the main character. The play is preceded by a comedy in one act by the stage director, Mr. Sedley Brown. It is called "The Lost Sheep," and the audiences seem to like it, the gallery in particular. It should be billed as melodrama, for it contains all the characters familiar to patrons of the 10-20-30 style of entertainment—the rustic, hen-pecked father, comedy, mother, erring child, pert young sister and her slangy lover and the dark, handsome villain, who in this case redeems himself and is not so villainous after all. It is entertaining, but has no particularly original features.

Orpheum Bill Crowds Topliners

Orpheum programs have a way of crowding several toplineers into one bill, in contrast to many weeks of performances way below average. This week gives a wealth of entertainment, all the new acts being particularly good. Much interest has been manifested in the vaudeville debut of Myrtle Dingwall and Percy Bronson, but their act is so light that their undoubted ability is not given a fair chance. With a real act, they are certain to prove popular, for they manage to put over effectively rather tame songs. Miss Dingwall is exceptionally well costumed, though a symphony in blue and palest yellow is marred by pink stockings. Willa Holt Wakefield, returning after an absence of several years, was enthusiastically welcomed and most deservedly, as her songs and manner are both delightful. "General" Edward Lavine is not above the average of funny jugglers, but he has novel properties and scenic stunts, which help to provide an amusing act. Emma Dunn does a pathetic bit in "The Baby," a really stirring little glimpse of mother-love among the poor. Everything on wheels can be ridden by the Chas. Ahearn cycling comedians, and the specimens they show keep them busy and the audience in a gale of laughter. "The Photo Shop," Gene Green and the Marcel and Boris trio remain from last week's bill.

"Scotch Highball" at the Lyceum

At the Lyceum this week the Armstrong musical comedy company is serving to its patrons "A Scotch Highball," which offering proves a concoction, pleasingly flavored with song and chorus numbers and a spicy dash of jokes, which are slightly more effervescent than those of last week. As Sir Clearney McPherson, a bogus nobleman and his valet, Will H. Armstrong and Edward Armstrong score a decided triumph, for which their reward is a round of appreciative laughter. Gus Leonard as Mr. Krousemeyer; Eddie Mitchell as the real Sir Clearney, and Nat Wentworth as Jack, also do creditable work. The three principal women roles are entrusted to the capable hands of Ethel Davis, Clara Howard and Dorothy Dale. Others in the cast give adequate performances. One of

the best of the song numbers is "The Panama," sung by Edward Armstrong and the Baby Dolls.

Offerings for Next Week

Henry Miller, whose great acting ability in big dramas has been repeatedly demonstrated in this city, will return to Los Angeles Monday, August 4, when he will open a week's engagement at the Mason Opera House in "The Havoc," one of the big successes of the New York season. He will be supported by the original New York cast. Mr. Miller has a powerful role in "The Havoc"—that of Richard Craig, who is the hero of Sheldon's sardonic comedy, and in which he is said to rival his portraits of Sidney Carton and Stephen Ghent. The actor-manager's reputation for flawless productions is well known to playgoers of this city, who have witnessed many of his shows, and it is said that his presentation of "The Havoc" will be well up to standard. Mr. Miller has come to the West immediately following his metropolitan engagement, and each role in the comedy is played by the actor who created the part in New York.

"Baby Mine," the Margaret Mayo play of a thousand laughs, will open a two weeks' engagement at the Majestic theater Sunday night, August 13. To quote one of England's famous critics, where "Baby Mine" is running at Sir Charles Wyndham's Criterion theater, in London, this is just the sort of a play to turn tears into laughter and give life a rosy hue." It is the story of a young married couple, who have a strenuous quarrel, following which the young husband leaves the house and remains away for three months. The repentant wife consults a friend as to the best method to win her husband back, and the friend suggests that the wife wire hubby that he is the proud father of a lusty infant, and volunteers to hire a baby for the occasion. The happy father makes his appearance, but, alas, the real mother of the babe demands the child back. Again the friend rushes off to get another baby, and after the arrival of the second one, complications ensue, which, according to Eastern reviewers, are amazingly amusing. Manager Brady has sent to Los Angeles the original company, including Walter Jones, Ernest Glendinning, Agnes De Lane, Marjorie Cortland, W. T. Carleton and others.

More than ordinary interest is attached to the Belasco's production of Porter Emerson Browne's play, "The Spendthrift," which opens Monday night, in that Thais Magrane will play the same role she created when this fine play of American city life was tried out at the Belasco, and in which she has been appearing in the larger cities of the East. The Belasco production of "The Spendthrift" is made by special arrangement with Frederic Thompson, who will send it on another tour of the chief cities of this country in the fall, with Miss Magrane

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as the star of the organization. "The Spendthrift" is a comedy-drama, with its four acts laid in New York City. The central figures of the play are a young broker and his wife. The latter has been brought up, together with her younger sister, by a maiden aunt, a keen, shrewdly successful business woman of the Hetty Green type. The broker is a hard working, likeable sort, brilliant, and outwardly unusually prosperous, but he is badly handicapped by the extravagances of his wife, who finally brings him to the verge of business ruin. When she learns this, she visits the apartments of a man of unenviable reputation and borrows \$20,000, in order to tide her husband over his difficulty. From this point the

better advantage as the kindly bachelor, Dick Carewe, who falls in love with his charming ward, than in any of his other roles. Miss Rambeau will play Phyllis, who wins Dick's heart, and other roles in this entertaining drama of laughter and tears will be filled from the roster of favorite Auditorium players.

Heading the new Orpheum bill for the week beginning August 14, is the Lorch family of eleven, a big circus act of fame here and abroad. It was the feature of the Ringling circus for several seasons. Exhibitions of acrobatics and gymnastics will be given, and two ponies and a donkey will be utilized for fun making, and as adjuncts to the act.



MARGARET ILLINGTON IN REPERTOIRE AT THE BURBANK

playwright provides a series of stirring situations. Bessie Barriscale will be seen as the younger sister, and Richard Vivian will have his original role of the hero's brother.

Margaret Illington and the Burbank stock company will enter upon the third week of "Kindling," Sunday matinee. Miss Illington has scored one of her biggest successes in the Charles Kenyon drama. Ever since the first performance the Burbank has been crowded to the doors, and it has been a managerial problem how to accommodate the throngs that have sought admission. "The Lion and the Mouse," which was originally scheduled for a week ago, was first held over for seven days to make room for a second week of "Kindling," and now another postponement is necessary. Aside from the appearance of so accomplished an actress as Miss Illington, the play itself is vitally interesting. It is a powerful drama of mother-love, and one that marks Mr. Kenyon as a playwright worth while. Another reason for the pronounced success of "Kindling" lies in the fact that Byron Beasley in the role of the big-hearted stevedore, is doing one of the finest pieces of work of his local experience, and that David Hartford was never seen to better advantage than in his part of the music hall bouncer, that Ida Lewis gives an unforgettable account of herself as the old Irish washerwoman, and Harry Mestayer, Frank Camp, Grace Travers, Florence Oberle and Margo Duffett are offering excellent individual efforts.

Manager Stoermer announces that following "David Garrick," Mr. Goodwin and the Auditorium company will produce "When We Were Twenty-one." The great success that has attended the first offerings of the popular comedian gives Mr. Stoermer every reason to expect the same reception for Mr. Goodwin's future plays. Never before has Nat Goodwin played at any theater where the best seats sold at less than two dollars. To secure his consent to such an engagement, it was pointed out that with the immense capacity of the Auditorium it was possible to reach more than 25,000 people weekly, and during the Goodwin offerings crowded houses have been the rule. The later plays of Mr. Goodwin's repertoire will be passed over in favor of his earlier successes. "When We Were Twenty-one" was one of his first triumphs, and he is seen, perhaps, to

Gerald Griffin has condensed the favorite old play, "Other People's Money," into a twenty-minute sketch, and will play the leading part. Fay, Two Coleys & Fay were last seen here with the road show, when their blackface act, "From Uncle Tom to Vaudeville," made a big hit. Clifford Walker has a musical monologue, and hails from London, where he was a favorite entertainer. Emma Dunn and her com-



DOROTHY DALE, AT THE LYCEUM

pany in "The Baby," Willa Holt Wakefield with her songs, the Ahearn comedy cyclists and "General" Ed Lavine will remain, and a new feature will be shown in the daylight motion pictures, the new films having been taken exclusively for the Orpheum. The symphony orchestra will give its two o'clock and eight o'clock concerts, which have become exceedingly popular.

Opening Sunday matinee, August 13, the Armstrong company will offer a lively affair entitled "Paquita: A Span-

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When We Were Twenty-One

ish Omelette." Chef Ed Armstrong declares he will serve it piping hot, and that plenty of spice will be provided by the "Baby Dolls." "Paquita" is in three scenes, and deals with the efforts of Pumpernickel (Gus Leonard) to wed his pretty daughters, Paquita (Ethel Davis) and Susette (Clara Howard) against their wishes. For Paquita he has chosen a rich cattleman, instead of Pablos, the poor soldier, upon whom her heart is set. He is aided by O'Gorman, his Irish servant—a part assumed by Will Armstrong. Incidental to the action, there is a burlesque Spanish bullfight. Miss Davis will sing Mr. Armstrong's latest song, "I Could Live in an Aeroplane," and Miss Howard will sing "The Hula Hula Girl," while Mr. Armstrong will offer "That Dublin Rag." The Baby Dolls will appear as senorita, as colleen bawns, as toradors, and in a number of other costumes. The usual matinees will be given at 2:45 every day, and two shows at night, at 7:45 and 9 o'clock.

Books

Peculiar interest attaches to "The Cruise of the Snark," for various reasons—among which the most patently potent are, the irresistible fascination exercised by anything that Jack London writes, the wide publicity given to that famous sailing pleasure trip in the South Seas several years ago and the light which his account of it sheds upon his recent conception of "Adventure," a tale undoubtedly quickening into life even before his departure with Charmian from San Francisco in April of 1907, for the scenes it portrays. "Adventure" does not seem so much a creature purely of the imagination since glimpsing the actualities of life in the Solomons from which he constructed the story.

"We named her the Snark," says London, "because we could not think of any other name—this information is given for the benefit of those who otherwise might think there is something occult in the name." In this little sailing vessel, which was but forty-three feet on the water line and which, despite its imperfections, cost the amazing sum of \$30,000, the Londons wandered about for two years on pleasure bent, and visited many out-of-the-way places in and about Hawaii, the Marquesas and Solomon Islands. His description of Pearl Harbor, or Dream Harbor, as he and Charmian named it, is an alluring piece of word painting:

Next we came to a house of coquetry, with great sweeping veranda, where lotus-eaters might dwell. Windows and doors were wide open to the breeze, and the songs and fragrances blew lazily in and out. The walls were hung with tapa-cloths. Conches with grass-woven covers invited everywhere, and there was a grand piano, that played, I was sure, nothing more exciting than lullabies. Servants—Japanese maids in native costume—drifted around and about, noiselessly, like butterflies. Everything was preternaturally cool. Here was no blazing down of a tropic sun upon an unshrinking sea. A beautiful Madonna, clad in flowing white and shod with sandals greeted us as though she had known us always. We sat at table on the lotus-eating veranda, served by the butterfly maids, and ate strange foods and partook of a nectar called poi. But the dream threatened to dissolve.

At this moment three "blessed reporters" appearing, reassured London and fixed the dream as a reality. Clear, characteristic pictures snapped frequently during the trip impress the reality of the printed word upon the reader with every page. And all the scenes were not so attractive as the one just quoted. It is a more cheerful view than that generally pictured of the leper colony at Molokai that lifts a little of the gloom from the idea of leprosy. Imagine races, baseball and all sorts of merrymaking being enjoyed by the colonists and regret being expressed at being discharged. On the beauties and wonders of the region about "The House of the Sun," the appeal of nature in its sternness is felt while in the valley of Typee, properly Taipi, is presented a smiling face of luxuriousness that spells death in its rank beauty. London contrasts Typee as he finds it in decadence to the height of its potentiality that Melville describes. His acquaintance with Ernest, Darling, the nature man, in Tahiti, and his entertainment by Tehei, the native, and Bihaura, his wife; his experiences surf-riding at Waikiki beach and stone fishing at Bora-Bora; how Charmian and he go recruiting among the head-hunting cannibals, on the savage coast of Malaita, aboard the Minota, are a few of the many intensely interesting things included in the account. It is a book to read by the sea, where the roll of the waves emphasizes and recalls descriptions and incidents over and over again.

Not alone is the key to "Adventure" herein contained. In London learning the intricacies of navigation, reading and experimenting at dentistry and medicine is to be seen "Martin Eden" and a suggestion of "Burning Daylight." There are those who have denied the genius and power of London, when, upon last analysis, it is really religious prejudice or because of the unpleasantness of his manifestation that they are repelled. There is none of this offensively brutal tone in the

messages written to send out to the world from the tiny craft so far from the beaten track; yet throbbing through all of them are the moods and impulses of the primal man—a man, however, open to great tides of emotion that mark the beginnings of reverential worship of deity. It is hard to reconcile such an one with the statement, "fallible and frail, a bit of pulsating, jelly-like life—it is all I am." Continuing, in a measure that recalls Whitman in its majesty, although so dissimilar in thought, London says:

About me are the great natural forces—cosmic menaces. Titans of destruction, unsentimental monsters that have less concern for me than I have for the grain of sand I crush under my foot. They have no concern at all for me. They do not know me. They are unconscious, unmerciful, and unmoral. They are the cyclones and tornadoes, lightning flashes and cloudbursts, tide-rips and tidal waves, undertows and waterspouts, great whirls and sucks and eddies, earthquakes and volcanoes, surfs that thunder on rock-ribbed coasts and seas that leap aboard the largest crafts that float, crushing humans to pulp or licking them off into the sea and to death—and these insensate monsters do not know that tiny, sensitive creature, all nerves and weakness, whom men call Jack London, and who himself thinks he is all right and quite a superior being. In the maze and chaos of the conflict of these vast and draughty Titans, it is for me to thread my precarious way. It is good to ride the tempests and feel godlike. I dare to assert that for a finite speck of pulsating jelly to feel godlike is far more glorious than for a god to feel godlike. Here is the sea, the wind and the wave. Here are the seas, the winds and the waves of all the world. Here is ferocious environment. And here is difficult adjustment, the achievement of which is delight to the small quivering vanity that is I.

Here is the paean of the pagan, the atheist, as compared to the man swept by the god-consciousness. In this passage, so wildly beautiful, is to be noted the observant, analytical lover of nature and natural phenomena, who conceived the development of his animal heroes in "The Call of the Wild" and "White Fang" and the more disagreeable human characterizations of "Lost Face," "When God Laughs" and other short story collections. In "The Cruise of the Snark" myriads of lights and shades flash from the man and the author. For which reason it is, perhaps, the best book by which to sum up London and his genius. What these messages lack in exotic luxuriance and riotous prodigality of word coloring is more than compensated by the gain in humanity, and a finer quality. Withal, it is a truer London that speaks, the rough burr bursting to show forth a gentler, larger visioned man than has yet stood revealed in his other books. ("The Cruise of the Snark." By Jack London. The Macmillan Co.)

"While Caroline Was Growing"

Josephine Daskam Bacon has added another to her list of interesting stories about children. "While Caroline Was Growing" comprises ten events in the young life of the heroine. She might be considered a bit precocious in her droll remarks, of which these two are samples: "Uncle Joe says that if the President had 'General' (the baby) in his library for half an hour he'd feel different about race suicide." "Oh, I know 'damn,' Luella, and I know two more words, 'hell' and 'devil.' But Richard knows more than that." She had the vivid imagination of childhood, and took great delight in pretending to be various persons. Among the stories are: "An Idyl of the Road," which relates the time Caroline ran away to follow the young man with the performing dog, because she wanted to be a boy, and then had to go back home. "Oh," she cried, "why do girls have to miss all the fun. It's just what the Simms boy says: 'If I couldn't be a boy, I'd rather be a dog.'" "The Prize" tells about Caroline securing a baby for her rich aunt, the "Duchess," who had no children. "It must be of good parentage; its father must be a gentleman and a Yale man." "Where Thieves Break In," describes Caroline pretending to hunt burglars, and comes upon a real one in her aunt's house, and the odd denouement. "Pillars of Society" deals with the marriage question, in a rational, but interesting, manner. "The Pretenders," tells how she strayed into

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a sanitarium and meets people with various illusions, and assists a beautiful young woman, who was being detained, to escape to her lover. The stories all have a clean freshness, like a breath from the woods and fields, and there is a whimsical note running through them which adds much to the interest. ("While Caroline Was Growing." By Josephine Daskam Bacon. Macmillan Co.)

Notes From Bookland

At the Thackeray centenary garden party at which all literary London was present, recently held in the beautiful Middle Temple Gardens, Lady Ritchie, daughter of the great novelist honored, and the editor of Cornhill, Reginald Smith, welcomed the guests. Among them were De Morgan, Barrie, Birrell, Colvin, Dobson, Hope, Hardy, Austin, Kipling, Mason, Morley, Phillips and hundreds of mere ordinary society people who came to drink tea, watch the Punch and Judy show, listen to the Temple choir sing Thackeray's ballads and Mrs. Cyril Maude read selections from his works. The weather was delightful. Everyone seemed happy. One imagined the big hungry ghost of Thackeray taking notes for another "Vanity Fair," comments Shan F. Bullock in his correspondence in the Chicago Post.

What purports to be a copy of James Whitcomb Riley's first poem, hitherto unpublished, has been found. It was omitted from Riley's books because of its strictly personal nature. It is dedicated to Hamilton J. Dunbar, who died at Greenfield, Indiana, September 5, 1876, and is as follows:

Dead! Dead! Dead!
We thought him ours alone;
And none so proud to see him tread
The rounds of fame, and lift his head
Where sunlight ever shone;
But now our aching eyes are dim,
And look thro' tears in vain for him!

Name! Name! Name!
It was his diadem;
Nor ever tarnish, faint of shame,
Could dim its luster; like a flame
Reflected in a gem,
He wears it blazing on his brow
Within the courts of Heaven now!

Tears! Tears! Tears!
Like dew upon the leaf
That burst at last, from out the years,
The blossom of a trust appears
That blooms above the grief;
And mother, brother, wife and child
Will see it and be reconciled.

Riley was twenty-three at the time, a sign painter. Dunbar was one of Greenfield's best citizens, and Riley idolized him. He says of the poem: "When the service was over, I went home and wrote a poem on Ham Dunbar and sent it to the Indianapolis Journal, and the literary people said: 'A poem has arrived.' And that was the first poem I ever wrote. That gave me an idea that I could be something else than a sign painter."

England's law of libel is a fearful statute for the normal publisher to contemplate and experience. Recently, an English novelist wrote a story based on the revelations of "Harriet Churchill," in which the chief character was a Miss Chester, a money lender and society journalist, who forced from clients scandalous tit-bits of copy as consideration for renewing their loans. There happened, however, to live in Manchester a real Miss Chester, who sold tobacco and lent money; and she, notwithstanding that she had no newspaper connection and no trade in scandalous paragraphs, so persuaded a jury that the publication of the story had injured her personally and professionally that it awarded her £75 in damages.

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, creator of "Molly Make-Believe," is a lover of out of doors. She and her busy physician husband, Dr. Fordyce Coburn of Lowell, Mass., pass all their leisure in the open—salmon fishing in Maine waters, tennis playing at the Lowell Country Club, coon and wild turkey

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which the war correspondent Edward Marshall said pulled him through when he was shot through the spine in Cuba. Many requests have reached Mr. Lummis to issue it in book form.

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Ernest Dawson H. W. Collins

518 So. Hill Street

hunting in Florida. There will be a new book by this favorite author this fall, "The Sick-a-Bed Lady."

Magazines for August

In The International Studio for August a special feature is made of Alfred Stieglitz's work as a pictorial photographer. Another paper of interest is of the "Recent Water Colors," by Edwin Alexander, A. R. S. A., R. W. S. Henri Frantz writes of "The Salon of the Societe des Artistes Francais." "The American Colony of Artists in Paris" is the subject of an interesting article by E. A. Taylor. Other special contributions include "The New English Art Club's Exhibition," "The International Art Exhibition at Rome: The Italian Section," by Selwyn Brinton; "Some Decorative Panels by George Sheringham," "Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture," "The Lay Figure: On Overcrowding Exhibitions," "Some Paintings by Gifford Beal," by Ralph W. Carey; "The Art of Ernest Haskell," by A. E. Gallatin, and "The American Water Color Society," by Alice T. Searle. A number of splendid illustrations in color augment the attractiveness of the issue.

Of special interest to Californians is the sketch of "Joaquin Miller: His Life and Art," featured in the August issue of The Craftsman. The contributor is Henry Meade Bland. The frontispiece is a splendid illustration of the late William Keith, widely known as the painter of California landscapes. A short life sketch of the artist is also given. Other features of the issue include "The Honorable Institution of Vacation," by Walter A. Dyer; "A Fresh Note in German Art: Away from the Secession Eccentricities," "White Lilacs," a story by Lucretia D. Clapp; "What the Gateway Has to Say," "Special Furniture Designed for Individual Homes," "Next Year," a story by Harriet Joor; "Getting Nearer the Consumer: Supplying Families Directly from the Farm Without the Middleman," W. H. Jenkins; "Modern Country Homes in England," by Barry Parker, and the various department contributions.

Frank Patterson in Homburg

Soon after my arrival in Frankfurt, I went out to the famous resort, so long patronized by the English royalty, Homburg. It is a short ride from Frankfurt, on very decent electric cars, about the same distance as from Los Angeles to Pasadena, and I could not help making a comparison. The cars here are about half the size of the "Short Line" cars, and run about half as fast. They run almost exclusively three-car trains.

Homburg, with its glorious past as one of the most fashionable gambling places in Europe, seemed to me infinitely pathetic. That great casino, with its splendor of golden rococo, its spacious halls, its broad terraces, now all deserted and empty, reminded me of those old, romantic days when the world was less sane, but more joyous than now. The poor little spinning horses, the one gambling game now permitted, with their sad, shameful limit of one mark (25 cents) a throw, stood there pitifully silent, half covered with a brown oil-cloth.

I went out on the terrace and listened awhile to the concert, but the empty seats were depressing and I did not enjoy it. Then I walked down through the gardens, beautiful gardens, stretching the whole length of one side of the town. Sauntering through them I came across a house on which was written "Golf Club." I walked around the links and was greatly amused. None of the holes seemed to be more than 75 yards long. No use for any but iron clubs. The ground perfectly flat and bunkers about two feet high made of chicken-wire!

The day of Homburg is past. I was told that it was out of season and that the crowd would come after the coronation, but there was an air of economy about the whole place which let the truth be seen, and a glance at the resort news in the papers a few days later showed that the visitors at other resorts numbered already thirty thousand, while Homburg could only boast of four or five.

Next day I took a trip down the river. This river, the Main, runs right through the center of Frankfurt, and contributes much to the wealth and importance of the town. It is really surprising what a lot of shipping there is on this little river, so small that the building of dams and locks was necessary to deepen the water sufficiently for navigation. There are frequent floods, especially in the spring-time, when the snow is melting on the nearby Taunus mountains, or after heavy rains, and large basins have been built where the boats may find a safe refuge. The forest of masts in these basins reminds one of a real seaport. I was greatly amused at one thing which was certainly most strikingly German. A small tugboat with a big brewery sign painted on its side was plying its trade, going from boat to boat in the river and harbor, apparently doing a good business selling beer by the bottle, keg and glass. How these boatmen and stevedores can perform heavy manual labor in the hot sun to the accompaniment of innumerable glasses of beer is really a puzzle, but they certainly do it, and I noted, too, to my surprise, that their muscles were strong and firm looking, and they appeared to be in every way perfectly healthy and vigorous.

In spite of the fact that it was a week-day, the boat which goes down the river was crowded. I was led again to reflect upon the economic problem of these people's liberty and freedom in working hours. We left the dock early in the afternoon. It was a beautiful, warm day, and the river was like a mirror. At first we passed under several bridges, the smokestack of our boat being lowered each time to avoid striking the arch. Then we swerved to one side of the river and entered the approach to a lock. Just as we reached the entrance, another boat pulled up alongside of us. The lock became narrower and narrower, but neither boat would give way and each put on full speed, trying to get ahead of the other, the captains meanwhile swearing at each other vociferously in most picturesque Frankfurt dialect. It looked as if we were going to be squeezed between the two ever-narrowing walls of the lock, or as if the two great waves which the moving boats piled up would overwhelm us.

It was quite exciting. Of course, there was not the least danger, but it

did not seem so to the German passengers, all of whom stood up and rushed about, all screaming at once and adding to the general confusion. Fortunately, we arrived at the end of the lock where the gates were closed and the boats had to stop. There proved to be plenty of room for them to lie in side by side, as no doubt the captains were fully aware, but so long as they were within hearing of each other they kept up their swearing, and then, safely out again in the broad river, our captain sat down and mopped his brow—and treated himself to a bottle of beer, as did also numbers of the passengers, and everybody said "prosit" and good humor was restored.

Arriving at our destination, Schwannheim, we walked out into the really almost idyllically beautiful Frankfurt forest, a national forest reserve, laid out for the benefit of the public, in broad, straight paths, running in every direction and adequately furnished with sign posts indicating the direction and distance to the various places where refreshments may be had. Unfortunately, I had gone but a short distance when the sky grew dark and it became evident that a thunder storm was coming. I had just time to make my way to a railroad station, when the rain began, and there I had the pleasure of sitting for two long hours watching the rain and waiting for a train to take me back to Frankfurt.

In these days, when there has been so much talk of Halley's comet, it is not a little interesting to find an earlier visit of this comet referred to in a play of the time, in fact, serving as the chief feature of the comedy. I had no idea that I was to be treated to anything of the sort when I went to the beautiful new Frankfurt playhouse the other night to see a play by Nestroy, entitled "Lumpacivagabundus." Nestroy, the author, lived in the early part of the last century (1801-1862), and wrote a large number of musical farces, of which this is the most important. It was published in 1835, the year of the comet, when all Europe, especially the ignorant peasantry, was filled with awe and expectation of the end of the world. Most of the jokes were made with the intention of turning this fear to ridicule. Of course, the play has, in the modern sense, but little value, and little of what strikes the modern mind as being really funny—nothing changes more quickly than our idea of humor—but it is a well-constructed play, splendidly acted by the local stock company and full of interest as an antique.

Writing of antiques, there is a private museum here which I was invited to visit by the owner, Herr Manskopf, which is full of interest for the musician. It contains about twenty thousand objects associated with the famous musicians of the past, relics of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Berlioz and a host of others, whose names are more or less familiar to us all; caricatures of most of the great composers and artists of the last century, especially, of course, those who stood ahead of their times: Wagner, Berlioz and Liszt. Herr Manskopf is a most enthusiastic collector and personally conducts the interested visitor about his museum, explaining his treasures, and telling their history.

Frankfurt has two subsidized theaters, the opera and the playhouse. As for other theaters, except for the moving pictures, which are numerous, but in no way remarkable, there are none. There used to be a good vaudeville, but with the decline of vaudeville, this house has declined and is now given over to farces and comic operas. It is an old house, small and unattractive, and evidently nearing the end of its usefulness. In this place, I would call it rather a hall than a theater. I saw two shows, "Sommerscheuer" by Kuchler, and "Polnische Wirtschaft" by Kraatz and Okonowsky. The former is a farce, with scene laid in a small university town, with all its narrowness and prejudices.

Into this nest of pedagogy an actress falls by mere accident, and just for the fun of it enters the university as a student. The possibility of fun in such a situation is obvious and is made the most of by the author. The other is a musical farce, music by Gilbert, and is of the raciest order, right from Berlin, and therefore entirely unfit for American production. The first act is very funny. The remainder of the play suffers from bad construction and the end is miserably weak. All of the jokes rest on the edge of impropriety, and many of them are impossibly indecent. FRANK PATTERSON.

HANDSOME INTERIOR OF NEW WESTMINSTER CAFE



This week the Westminster Hotel, at Fourth and Main, of which Fred O. Johnson is proprietor and general manager, greatly pleased its conservative patrons by opening a fine cafe, adjoining the hotel lobby, having a Main street entrance. The decorations are in the best of taste, the walls finished in soft tints and the windows artistically draped. Mr. Johnson's chef has been with him fifteen years, and with this assurance of excellent menus and the efficient service, which has been a fea-

ture of the Westminster dining room under Miss Miloy's experienced eye for the last eight years, merchants and professional men should welcome the advent of this new downtown cafe. With palatable food, skillfully prepared, satisfactorily served, and in pleasing variety, at a schedule of prices as consistently reasonable as choice materials will permit, the Westminister cafe cannot fail to prove permanently attractive to all patrons appreciative of prompt attention, combined with excellent cooking.

Pleasant and Useful Gift Book

Encased in a beautiful limp leather binding of warm brown, Roycroft style, and impressed on heavy, creamy paper in brown lettering, are the choicest cullings on art, music and literature made by Charles Alma Byers, a local publisher and lover of things literary, in the course of many years reading, constituting "a thing of beauty and a joy forever"—such a book as it profiteth one greatly to own and to recur to frequently. To the average individual of esthetic tastes this little volume will appeal as a charming gift book, while to the modern club or literary woman it will be valuable for reference. Why "turn over half a library?" Here are more than seven hundred quotations, expressing the views of the greatest minds, from ancient to modern times, on the three branches of artistic expression that have moved the world. Along with such old favorites as "Music hath charms," "When Music, heavenly maid," "The harp that once," "They sang of love," and others is the conflicting testimony of Philip Bailey that "Music tells no truths" and of Frank Damrosch that "Words may lie—music cannot," together with many interesting sentiments and less frequently quoted phrases more musical and less argumentative. Books, authors, reading, poetry and kindred topics seem to have inspired more universal comment as the greatest space is given to these. Incidentally, many sword thrusts lie in this portion for the poor literary critic and book reviewer. Indexed alphabetically, with brief chronological data on the authors quoted, the volume is useful as well as dainty and pleasing. ("Quotations: Art, Music and Literature." By Charles Alma Byers.)

Among the Los Angelans registering at the Arrowhead recently are Mr. and Mrs. Ben Graham, Mrs. Salisbury, Mr. Ed S. Adelson, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. West, Mr. P. E. McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Goesser, Mr. F. A. McAllister, Mr. J. W. Vickers, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hinch, Mr. H. C. Lewis and Mr. H. W. Neumann. From Redlands there registered Mr. R. Rhiming, Mr. Edwin Rhiming, Miss Margaret Manion and Miss Florence Layman. San Bernardino's representatives included Mr. Jacob Jonas, Mr. George A. Carey, Miss Hilda Kramer and M. de Bounet. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. George

Three Books by the Editor

PAUL TRAVERS' ADVENTURES ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT GLIMPSES ACROSS THE SEA

By Samuel Travers Clover

The first tells how an ambitious youth made his way around the world in order better to prepare himself for newspaper work. The second shows how Paul succeeded as a reporter, and the big assignments he covered. He was the last white man to see Sitting Bull, and the only reporter, from start to finish, in the last vigilance party this country is likely to see. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. The third book is a collection of pen sketches, giving a whimsical point of view of generally unnoted data in the more pretentious books of travel. For sale by

Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch Co.

252 SOUTH SPRING ST.

C. C. Parker,

220 SOUTH BROADWAY

and Jones' Book Store,

226 WEST FIRST ST.

E. Butler, Needies; Mr. D. M. Kennedy, Riverside; Mr. and Mrs. N. Davenport, Colton; Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Sutherland, Colton; Mr. W. W. Bynum, Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Costello, San Francisco; Mrs. S. Benson, Portland, Ore.; Mr. Ralph E. Guichard, Long Beach, and Miss Beatrice S. Nickel, San Francisco.

Stocks & Bonds

Security markets have been shot to pieces all week, with bear conditions rampant, and with a feeling general that the worst is yet to come, before there shall be anything like an upturn in prices. The demoralization of the petroleum market has had the effect of putting the cheaper oil shares on the toboggan, and they have dragged in their wake the better class of stocks.

In spite of the generally murky speculative atmosphere, Associated, as usual, has been the single exception in the down trend. While others of the better class of oils have been slipping off, the big Southern Pacific petroleum auxiliary has been worked the other way, with a gain of better than \$3 a share since the last report. To account for what has happened, it is alleged that while Associated is not to be sold to Rothschild or any other interests at this time, the stock is to begin dividend payments in September, at the rate of not less than \$2 a share for the half year. The financial district has heard this story many times before.

Union and the other Stewart issues again are soft, with stock always to be had at any level agreed upon by those who rig the market from day to day. The future for the several Stewart oils, however, appears bright, and these shares should be acquired on breaks.

Doheny Mexicans are firm, with the American issues fathered by the same influences also in demand. Mexican Preferred should be good for better things, with the Common also a purchase on soft spots. It is a game, however, of important insiders, with the public winning only when the program suits the controlling influences. The other side of the picture shows usually a loss for those who have the courage of their convictions.

Among the lesser oils, Consolidated Midway apparently is marked for a slaughter such as overtook Cleveland about a year ago. It will be recalled that existing conditions in the stock were predicted in this column weeks ago. California Midway is weak, with lower prices in sight for the shares.

Rice Ranch is up better than five points on the week, with no stock in sight. Jade is soft. Central Oil is firm. United is a recent price dynamiter the public should avoid. Western Union would appear to be a purchase for increased dividend disbursements before the end of the year.

Among the bank stocks Southern Trust again is in demand, along with Merchants Bank & Trust, Security Savings, First National and National Bank of California.

There is little doing in industrial shares and there is no inquiry for bonds.

Several of the cheaper mining issues appear to be wanted at better prices than have been known in this market of late.

Money is in demand and somewhat plentiful on gilt-edged collateral, with no signs of a change in rates.

Banks and Banking

With a paid-in capital of \$500,000, the Citizens' Trust and Savings Bank opened for business Monday in the rooms formerly occupied by the Broadway Bank and Trust company in the Bradbury building, which financial organization the new bank absorbs. The Citizens' Trust and Savings Bank is an affiliation of the Citizens' National Bank and by the acquirement of the Broadway Bank by the stockholders, the capital of the national institution is increased to \$1,500,000 and the surplus to \$650,000. The combined resources of the Citizens' National and the Citizens' Trust and Savings Bank aggregate near \$15,000,000. The new bank will conduct a general commercial business, a savings department and a trust department. Officers and directors have been elected as follows. Hon. R. J. Waters, president; R. W. Kenny, Warren Gillelen, A. W. Redman and Charles G. Greene, vice-presi-

dents; H. A. Kehler, cashier; M. N. Shedenhelm, assistant cashier; Roger M. Andrews, assistant to the president, and R. J. Waters, George W. Walker, J. Ross Clark, Michael J. Connell, Warren Gillelen, Ben Williams, Dr. W. W. Beckett, John J. Fay, Jr., William W. Woods, M. J. Monnette, Orre E. Monnette, George I. Cochran, R. W. Kenny and Frank C. Bolt. The Citizens' National by the new affiliation further strengthens its already substantial position among the financial institutions of the city and state.

Through the personal interest and solicitation of Postmaster William H. Harrison, Los Angeles is practically assured the establishment of a postal savings bank within the next sixty days. Mr. Harrison's recent conference with Postmaster-General Hitchcock having met with a tentative promise to that end. The placing of postal savings banks in the first class offices has been cautiously considered by the government, and there are now only five first class offices which have the savings banks. These, comprising New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago and St. Louis, are all within easy communication with the department at Washington. Mr. Harrison, in explaining special features of the new postal savings law, shows that the government limits the money deposited by any individual to \$100 a month, and no depositor may have on deposit at one time more than \$500. When the last named amount has been deposited it may be converted into a government bond of that value, the bond bringing the same interest, two per cent, as the deposit. Another feature of the new law is that a married woman may maintain an account separate from that of her husband, on which he cannot draw.

Los Angeles banks have a record to be proud of, inasmuch as three of the thirteen national banks of this city are given places on the "roll of honor," published by the New York Financier. The local institutions represented are the Merchants' National, First National and the Farmers' and Merchants' National. The banks placed on the "honor" division are institutions that show surplus and undivided profits equal or in excess of the capital stock, the figures being gathered from the annual reports made to the national comptroller of currency at Washington, D. C. According to the report, it is shown that only 1,263 of the 7,193 national banks in the United States, are entitled to places on the "roll of honor." Of the 187 national banks in California twenty-five are enrolled and Los Angeles, with three banks, has more in that class than any other city in this state.

Los Angeles bank clearings for August 2 totaled \$4,689,430.01, which figure has been exceeded only once before in the history of the city, when May 3 of this year the clearings aggregated \$4,797,071.58. Compared with the total of \$2,808,103.33, the clearings for the corresponding date, August 2, of last year, a gain of \$1,881,326.68 is recorded. The total clearings for the same date in 1909 were \$2,847,874.72.

Stock and Bond Briefs

July security offerings totaled \$129,912,000, making the year's output \$1,359,379,950. The increase for seven months, therefore, is \$250,749,000, while the increase in July over the corresponding month of last year is \$69,711,000. In July the flotations of railroad bonds, notes and stocks aggregated \$53,984,000, an increase of \$19,774,000, while the total by industrials was \$75,928,000, an increase of \$49,937,000. In July there was a notable increase in the bond issues, the aggregate being \$42,129,000, compared with \$4,350,000 a year ago, while the issues of notes decreased \$11,735,000 to a \$3,125,000 aggregate, while stocks show a decrease

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LOS ANGELES TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK

Sixth and Spring Streets

of \$6,270,000, the total being \$8,730,000. The same trend, however, fails to hold good to a moderate extent, with industrial bonds, the aggregate being \$33,880,000, which is an increase of \$18,840,000. The total issue of notes is \$10,200,000, an increase of \$7,400,000, while numerous issues of preferred stock have brought the total flotations of stock up to \$31,697,000. Analyzing the figures for seven months, the Chicago Post finds that the railroads have emitted \$909,401,900 of new securities, an increase of \$205,924,550. Of these, \$567,564,900 were bonds, an increase of \$127,458,460, while the total note issue was \$256,905,000, an increase of \$83,505,000. The total stocks issued was \$84,932,000, a decrease of \$5,638,910. The industrial corporations issued \$35,103,000 more of bonds in this seven-month period than they did the first part of 1910, the total being \$567,564,900, while they issued \$83,505,000 more notes than in 1910, the total being \$256,905,000, but they issued \$8,506,550 less of stocks, the total being \$180,826,050. Underwriters regretfully admit that there is not adequate inducement at present to bring forward large bond offerings. European buying ceased some time ago and a lull in the flotations here was necessary in order to give the investment houses an opportunity to distribute purchases made at first hand.

Supervisors of Los Angeles will receive sealed bids up to 2 p. m., September 5 for the purchase of bonds of the Los Angeles school district in the sum of \$1,160,000. The bonds will bear 4½ per cent interest. Certified check must be for 3 per cent of the amount bid. Bids will be received up to the same date for the purchase of bonds of the Los Angeles high school district in the sum of \$280,000, and bearing 4½ per cent interest. Certified check must be for 3 per cent of the amount bid.

Wall Street Journal now has compiled statistics from 109 corporations, showing an increase since 1901 of 175 per cent in the number of individual stockholders and 75 per cent compared with 1906. The Great Northern Railway shows an increase of 1,000 per cent in the number of woman shareholders, the number being 6,263, compared with 568 in 1901 and 838 in 1906.

Long Beach's bond issue of \$125,000, voted several months ago for pier building and improvements, which, although twice advertised, brought forth no bids, will probably be offered for sale again, following the offer of the Raymond Concrete Piling Co., of New York, to submit a bid for the bonds if they are advertised simultaneously with bids for work.

Bonds of the Glendora road district in the sum of \$20,000, recently voted, will be marketed as soon as the supervisors pass on the election. The funds will be expended in the improvement of a highway from Glendora over the mountains into the San Gabriel canyon, a distance of eight miles.

Supervisors of San Bernardino county will receive sealed bids up to 11 a. m., August 21, for the purchase of the Yucaipa school district bonds in the sum of \$7,500. The issue will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent, and certified check must be for 5 per cent of the amount bid.

city water and sewer bonds in the amount of \$340,000. The sale of the first installment was approved prior to this resolution, which cares for the remainder of the issue.

At an election to be held at Upland August 25, bonds in the sum of \$200,000 will be voted on for the Chaffey Union high school for the purchase of a site and the erection of school buildings, etc. The bonds will bear 5 per cent interest.

Bonds of the Fruitland school district, Los Angeles county, have been sold to Wm. R. Staats Co. at a premium of \$103. Also the \$5,000 issue of the Washington Park school district was sold to Adams & Co., at a premium of \$156.

Huntington Beach citizens are considering the calling of an election in the near future to vote bonds to defray the cost of building a pier at the foot of Main street. The structure as proposed will approximate \$100,000.

Members of the finance committee, Los Angeles, have decided that \$5,238,400, remainder of the aqueduct bonds, \$1,250,000 harbor bonds and \$2,000,000 worth of power bonds will be sold before the close of the current year.

Plans are being made by the Orange County Savings bank at Santa Ana for the erection of a two-story building for its occupancy. W. A. Zimmerman is president and principal stockholder of the bank.

San Diego's reported need of new fire houses and equipment may result in a special election being called to vote bonds in the sum of \$100,000 for that purpose.

At a recent election, Whittier citizens passed a bond issue of \$30,000 for the erection of a new school building. The bonds carried by a large majority.

Ventura's special election to vote bonds in the sum of \$150,000 for a courthouse, carried.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Not Coal Lands. 03819
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
June 30, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that Laura C. Neel, of Calabasas, Cal., who, on May 18, 1906, made Homestead Entry 11113, Serial No. 03819, for Lot 3, and SE¼ NW¼ Section 3, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., and SE¼ SW¼ SW¼ SE¼ Sec. 34, T. 1 N., R. 17 W., S. B. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 17th day of August, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: William Gleason, Charles Harder, John Helman, John G. Martin, all of Calabasas, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register

Date of first publication, July 8, 1911.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
June 30, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that Frederick H. Post, of Topanga, Cal., who, on November 1, 1905, made Homestead Entry No. 10927, Serial No. 03722, for S¼ SE¼ Sec. 11, NW¼ NW¼ Sec. 13, NE¼ NE¼ Section 14, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described before Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 18th day of August, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: J. D. Heron, of Santa Monica, Cal.; James A. Craig, of Topanga, Cal.; W. T. Gibbons, of Topanga, Cal.; Herman Hethke, of Calabasas, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register

Date of first publication, July 8, 1911.